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FOX Letters



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EDITOR'S PAGE

Our readers are the absolute horniest and filthiest out there, and we couldn't be more proud. We're flooded with your sordid tales of sex. This month's collection features fetish, cheating wives (bless you!), oral experts and lots more.

Thanks for letting us live through you! Keep those letters cumming.

Send them right here, and you can be the star of a future issue!

FOX LETTERS
210 Route 4 East
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07652







UNEXPECTED ORGASMS

THESE HORNY HUMPERS FIND PLEASURE IN UNLIKELY PLACES

RANDY REUNION

I was looking forward to my business trip down south. Some time in the sun was exactly what I needed, since it had been a long, bitter winter.

Things went as planned until the last day of my trip. I was having a celebratory drink in the hotel bar when I heard a voice I thought I'd never hear again. My heart began to pound as I turned around.

There he was: Jack. I hadn't seen him in a decade, and he looked exactly the same as he had on the day that I threw him out. If anything, he looked even more handsome.

I looked him over, a whirlwind of emotions going through me. He still had the same cocky swagger about him, and he still had that roguish, lopsided grin that takes a gal's breath away no matter how independent she thinks she is.

I forced myself to look away from his steely blue eyes, cursing myself for staring. All at once, feelings that I thought I'd forgotten now reared their heads anew.

"Karen, is that really you?" he asked. "By God, it is."

When he held both my hands and looked me up and down, I found that I didn't have to force a smile at all. My face simply erupted into one. "You look fantastic," he gushed, then hugged me tightly.

I had to admit that it felt good to be held against his broad chest. No matter how much I'd denied it in the past, I'd missed him. "Let's have dinner," he suggested. "My treat."

His impulsiveness was as infectious as always and I complied much more quickly than I would've expected to. Nonetheless, I let him escort me to a little seafood place by the beach. During the meal, he flirted with me as if our relationship had never ended.

It reminded me just how long I'd been busy focusing on my career and spending my nights alone. I guess that's why I accepted when he suggested we go for a walk along the beach. All alone in the moonlight, I let him kiss me. Even after 10 years, our chemistry still had the same effect on both of us.

"I want you," he told me, and before I could protest his tongue was in my mouth.

The next thing I knew, we were in my hotel room. I wanted him so badly, and I could hardly wait to get his shirt unbuttoned. I ran my fingers through the curls on his chest and tugged at his tiny nipples. I could hardly wait to feel my skin against his, and I didn't have to wait long, because he had my blouse open and was unhooking my bra in the blink of an eye.

When my breasts swung free, he took one of my nipples into his mouth and eased me back onto the bed while he tongued it to hardness. I pulled his lips to mine soon enough and pressed my sensitive nipples against his hairy chest.

It felt so good that it was practically intoxicating as I ran my hands down his back. He groaned as I pulled him against



me, and the heat of his cock throbbing between us drove me wild. I felt myself moistening between my legs and could not stop the bucking of my hips, grinding my crotch against his.

I rolled him onto his back on the bed so that I could get at his zipper. He lay there with that goofy grin on his face and watched me with a smug satisfaction, particularly when I started working the satiny skin of his cock back and forth.

Those blue eyes of his glazed over and he covered my mouth with his for another kiss before he went about removing the rest of my clothes. Once I was naked, I guided him straight to my pussy.

"No one else can make me feel like this," he whispered, his voice strained and husky. "Only you, baby."

As he fed me that line, he also fed my twat his hard-on. We held our breath and lay motionless for a second, both of us freezing upon the glorious sensation of penetration.

I urged him to give me every last inch. He did so slowly, teasingly, entering me by gradations until at last he bottomed out in my womb. As he began moving in and out of me steadily, he thrust his tongue into my mouth, and we frenched in a deliciously lewd flurry of humping motions.

My orgasm was already building, spreading inside of me like wildfire, and as I clung to him I could tell by the determined look on his face that he was willing himself not to cum. He was hell-bent on making me cum first, and he was doing a damn fine job of it.



He couldn't fight it forever, though, and his groans of pleasure became grunts soon enough. Jack slid hands up under me, pulling me even harder against him, and when his cock began to swell and jerk, my orgasm hit, taking my breath away as his goo splashed my cervix.

When I could think again, I noticed that Jack had collapsed on top of me, struggling to catch his breath.



Then he held my leg up to give him access to my twat. I reached between us and crammed his dick inside. We were much too horny to bother with foreplay.



"Think we could make a go of it again?" he rasped.

The question caught me off-guard. I twisted out of his embrace and got out of bed in a sudden huff, snapping, "No. This was a mistake. You can't just waltz back into my life after all this time and..."

"We'll work it out," he interrupted, getting out of bed and gently taking me into his arms. "Just give me another chance."

Then he hit me right between the eyes with his signature grin. I felt myself smile even though I didn't want to, and when I looked down, I saw that he'd sprouted another stiffy.

Maybe we could work it out after all, I thought as he penetrated me again in one deft, toe-curling plunge.



Letters



When he began thrusting, I knew that this time around it was going to be quite a while before either of us was satisfied. After all, we had a lot of lost time to make up for!

— Karen W., Cape May, NJ

DESKTOP DALLIANCE

Brad rounded my desk, drew me into his arms and kissed me hard. He was our newest hire — only 21 years old and incredibly passionate. He was gorgeous, too.

As his kiss grew more insistent, so did his groping hands. I sagged against him, almost too weak to stand.

"Let me make you smile," he crooned, working his hand inside of my blouse.

His touch exhilarated me as he started toying with my pert nipples, pulling on them. I stood in anticipation of what was to come as my handsome young lover abruptly whipped my blouse open and grabbed my heaving breasts through the cups of my bra.

Then he made short work of my bra. I tilted my head back and closed my eyes in bliss as he crammed his mouth full with one of my tits.

After he feasted on my rack, he pushed my skirt up high and ran his hands up and down my thighs until I urged him to explore deeper. Beneath half-mast eyelids, I watched Brad press his cheek against my mound and nuzzle it, sniffing away.

"Mmmm. You smell good," he remarked, smiling up at me. "Do you taste as good?"

"Why don't you find out?" I said, breathless.

He took great joy in removing my soiled undies, smiling proudly. Then he started planting loud, wet kisses all over the feverish flesh of my womanhood.

I endured the teasing for as long as I could, but finally I grabbed his head and heaved my crotch at him, begging he take care of my muff.

Instead of driving his tongue into me, though, he went to work with his fingers. He sucked on my clit, which he clasped between his stubby digits, flicking his tongue over it as he finger-fucked me with three fingers.

Several times, he brought me so close to orgasm that I could practically taste it, only to change tactics, allowing me to cool down and last longer. My groans filled my office and mingled with the wet slurping sounds that came from between my legs.

I couldn't believe the intense pleasure he was giving me, but the trickling discharge that escaped my cunt was all the proof I needed.

Suddenly, Brad dropped trou and whipped out his throbbing erection. The tip glistened with clear drops of pre-cum as he delicately placed my hand on his shaft. I took hold and stroked it back and forth, causing even more pre-cum to seep out.

At this point, I had to have him, or else I'd simply scream. I turned around and pried my soft asscheeks apart, lewdly sticking my rear end out at him.

"Please, I need you to fuck me," I begged. He worked a single, wet finger into my asshole and wiggled it around in a stirring motion.

Brad's breathing became heavy in no time as he fingered my backdoor while rubbing my clit with his other hand. As he prodded me where the sun doesn't shine, I started climaxing. My knees knocked as I let loose with a guttural cry of release, convulsing amid an intense orgasmic explosion.

Right in the midst of my orgasm, he impulsively stuffed his boner into my asshole, making me stifle a wail. It didn't hurt, because I'm no stranger to anal sex, but the girth of his hard-on had me gnashing my teeth as I gripped the edges of my desk and moaned in joy.

He administered such a rollicking butt-fuck that my string of orgasms continued, our flesh swiftly gliding together. He reamed me out so fiercely that we inadvertently knocked my desk forward a few feet, and as I rode out my umpteenth orgasm I felt him suddenly tense up and empty his balls into my rectum.

That was my first dalliance with my sexy new employee. It wasn't my last, though. I see a very bright future for that ambitious young man.

— Name and Location Withheld

GIRLS NIGHT IN

Not only is my neighbor Francine smoking-hot, but she's one of the most successful women I know. I guess you could say that she is my role model.

Like most career women, she's almost too busy to have a social life. Since I have a little less responsibility, I date more than she does, but I've seen her out a few times with this really handsome guy named Mark.

Francine looks good enough as it is even under routine circumstances, but when she's all dressed up she looks flat-out phenomenal. And judging by the way that Mark leers at her, it's easy to understand if she spends more of her free time at home than out and about.

But one night, about a month ago, I discovered something else about her, not to mention about myself.

We ran into each other in the hallway of our building, and we both laughed when we learned that we'd both had our dates cancel on us that night.

She shook her head, muttering, "Mark and I were really looking forward to this evening. We haven't been together for what feels like ages."

"Why don't you and I hang out tonight?" I said. "We'll pop some popcorn, watch a chick flick and get drunk on white wine. What do you say?"

"Sounds like a date," she responded.

Later that night, we were sitting on the couch when Francine frowned and stiffly rolled her head around as if she had a crick in her neck.

"Here, let me help with that," I offered, getting behind her and massaging the tense muscles of her neck and shoulders.

They relaxed and she moaned softly. Then, to my surprise, she caught one of my hands in hers and kissed it. When I didn't pull away, she languidly ran her tongue along my fingers and then sucked them one by one.

A sudden wave of desire crashed over me. I must've made a sound, because she looked up at me. Her eyes glinted with unmistakable lust, and I've no doubt that mine looked much the same.

"Wow. I guess it has been a long time for me," she said, dazzling me with her smile.

At a loss for words, I simply gulped and nodded dumbly, which made her giggle.





Letters

I smiled and then bashfully looked down. Francine pulled me back onto the couch, and her mouth covered mine just like that. When she offered me her moist little tongue I accepted it. Then I mustered the nerve to slide my hands down her back to her cushiony ass, which I squeezed.



Then she took my hands and placed them squarely on her tits. I squeezed them, giggling at my own growing boldness. I hadn't fooled around with another girl since college, but I guess it was like riding a bicycle.

I unbuttoned her top and slipped my hands inside of it, finding her braless. I couldn't believe it: I woke up that morning a fully functioning heterosexual, and now here I was feeling up another woman's tits as we swapped spit.

The next thing I knew, I was sucking on them, cramming as much into my mouth as I could fit. Francine cradled my head to her bosom and groaned, briskly rubbing my crotch as I nursed away at her breasts. The friction was divine, spurring me on.

Once we were both naked, I pounced on her and gleefully felt her up at my leisure, picking up where I'd left off back in college.

She eagerly parted her legs when my hands delved between them, and I felt my own pulse escalating, as I got better acquainted with her pussy. It was already wet, but in a matter of mere moments it became like Niagara Falls.

I caught the scent of her musk and promptly closed in on the source, sliding my hands up to her heaving tits as I started lapping at her twat, dragging the flat of my tongue up and down in broad sweeps.

Soon I had her hyperventilating, struggling to keep quiet as I took to tongue-fucking her as hard as possible. I was driving my tongue all the way inside of her on each thrust, and I got her so worked up that she started whipping her head from side to side.

Before all was said and done, she'd clamped her thighs against my cheeks, holding me in a death-grip as I pigged out on her cunt. When I started rubbing her unhooded clit while tongue-fucking her, I was rewarded with an outpouring of vaginal secretions — her delicious juices streaming down my throat as swiftly as I could swallow them.

As soon as she recovered from her orgasm, she sat bolt upright and hugged me, cramming her long tongue into my mouth. It was my pleasure to suck on it as she felt up my tits, squeezing hard as I sucked her tongue like a dick.

After a while, she got down and attacked my pussy, proceeding to eat me out with a vigor that totally bowled me over.

I fell onto my back and watched her go off on my twat. She immediately stuffed three fingers all the way into my poon and sucked on my clit while finger-fucking me. Then she added a digit all the way up my butt-hole, which was a first for me.

She ate me out through one of the most intense climaxes of my entire life. It was made even hotter by seeing Francine's gorgeous face between them as she wantonly drank my juice.

Ever since then, Francine and I don't worry if our dates cancel on each other: We'll always have each other!

— Beth F., Pueblo, CO

WINDOW WATCHERS

I should've known that Tony was up to something when he said that he had to stop by his apartment on the way to dinner. It was our first date. At the time, I was rather wet behind the ears, fresh out of college and so impressed by Tony's high-class lifestyle that I would've done anything to please him.

His apartment was on the 27th floor, and as soon as we were past the guard and inside the elevator, he was all over me. I returned his kisses with equal fervor, allowing his strong hands to roam wherever they wanted on my body.

We stumbled into his den, at which point he cooled it, ambling over to his mini-bar as if he'd forgotten all about me.

He made no move to turn on the lights, so I stood still, listening to him make drinks.

"Have you ever wanted to make love in front of the whole world?" he asked, after making his way back over to me.

"Come again?" I asked, as he handed me my drink.

"I've haven't cum the first time yet," he quipped. "Here, let me show you a little something."

I heard a rattling and realized that an entire wall of his den was draped with vertical blinds. Suddenly, they parted, and I was looking out of floor-to-ceiling windows at the bay. The lights from houses twinkled on the opposite shore, and I could see the headlights of cars traveling over the bridge. I understood what he meant now. It did indeed feel like the whole world was at our feet.

Tony sidled up behind me and kissed the nape of my neck while kneading my breasts with both hands. "A view like this really gets to you," he whispered, squeezing my boobs emphatically.

I sighed and leaned back, feeling his dick press against my ass. He nibbled on my ear as he slid his hands down to my crotch. He then hiked up my skirt and slid a hand over my mound. He slipped his fingers inside my panties as I rocked my ass against his cock. Then I said bye-bye to my panties as he whisked them down my legs.

I turned in Tony's arms and gazed up into his eyes. Our tongues entwined as we hustled to strip each other naked in record time.

He tongued each of my nipples as they came into view, and then he smushed my tits together and sucked them both at the same time. I went weak in the knees as carnal heat enveloped me, my

body temperature rising as I fondled the sizeable bulge at his crotch. I wanted to taste him as well as feel him inside of me.

Before I could undo his pants, Tony eased me back onto his desk. The cool surface felt good against my heated flesh, especially when I parted my legs, my thighs sliding along the smooth glass.

With my legs spread wide, I held onto his head with both hands and rubbed my crotch against his face as he hunkered down and dug into my juicy poon.

He chowed down on my cunt with a single-mindedness that was breathtaking, doggedly eating me out until my pussy erupted like crazy. My cries of pleasure resonated in his spacious office.

"They're still watching," he huffed, slobbering all over my wet snatch. "All over the world, babe."

He stood up straight after that and helped me to my feet. Then he spun me around and bent me over his desk so I was looking out the window.

I didn't take my eyes off of the view when I heard him unzip his pants. I just took hold of the desktop and braced myself, still trembling from my last orgasm. I didn't move a muscle until he rubbed his spongy knob against my slick labes.



I gasped, and this seemed to spur Tony onward. He took hold of my hips and rammed his cock into my pussy, grunting like a pig as he slid his rod home.

And speaking of pigs, I was squealing like a stuck one when he started spearing me at a breakneck pace — porking me so wildly that I couldn't help scattering all of the stuff on his desk. I couldn't believe this was actually happening!

The more he plowed my puss, the louder I moaned, and by the time we'd both worked ourselves up to a fever pitch, I was babbling obscenities like crazy. I was like a woman possessed as the passion had me delirious.



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My second orgasm was even more intense than the first, and then we changed positions. He lay down on his back on the carpet and had me climb on top of him.

As I rode his magnificent staff, I drank in the spectacular view some more. He busted a nut inside of my pussy as soon as he reached up and grabbed my dangling tits, and the spurting sensation triggered my own orgasm. His hot wad filled my box to overflowing as my pussy walls pulsed and fluttered around his cock.

Well, suffice it to say, I spent a lot of time getting fucked in front of Tony's windows after that. So if you ever look up at a high-rise apartment building and wonder what's going on in there, just think of me getting fucked.

— Linda M., San Diego, CA



AN EYE FOR FIGURES

Accounting is a very exact science, you see, and one of my responsibilities is to see that every figure that leaves our offices is accurate.

At our firm, we have a small staff of young accountants who are willing to work hard while acquiring the experience that they need. What I've discovered over the past few years is that more and more women are getting into the field. I'm certainly not complaining, mind you. It's refreshing to have some eye candy in the workplace.

I love watching a procession of lovely young women sashay through the doors in the morning, their form-fitting outfits hugging their curvaceous, taut bodies. All day long, I find my thoughts wandering as I ogle their gorgeous legs accentuated by high heels, among some other scintillating sights.

Marie is one of my favorites. She's a stunning redhead who looks like she should be in the movies instead of poring over ledgers. Sometimes, in the afternoon, she'll take off her suit jacket. Through her silk blouses, I spy the outline of her bra, which looks fit to burst.

Her tits jiggle when she walks her prissy little walk, and one day she must've been chilly, because I spotted the wrinkly indentations of her stiff nipples through her blouse.

Sitting safely behind my desk, I watched her use the copier through the glass wall of my office while thinking of other ways to harden her nipples.

After Marie finished up with the copier, I closed the blinds of the windows that fronted my office. Then I buzzed my secretary and told her that I was not to be disturbed until further notice as I had important work matters.

Marie had done such a wonderful job of arousing me that rubbing one out in the privacy of my office wouldn't take long at all. I undid my pants and hauled out my aching boner for some relief.

I held Marie firmly in my mind's eye, picturing her kneeling at my feet. As I took hold of myself, I imagined that it was she who was holding my schlong, jacking it steadily.

I imagined her going on and on about how hung I was and how wet she was getting. Soon I was so worked up that my pre-cum was lubing up my shaft while my hand became a blur.



I imagined Marie asking what she could do to please me. In my imagination, I told her to blow me.

"Mmmm. Your big cock is so scrumptious, sir," she purred, proceeding to deep-throat me to the root.

I jacked myself faster, my eyes shut tightly as I lost myself in sweet reverie. I came to my senses long enough to grab some tissues from the box on my desk and hold them at the ready as my orgasm approached.

In my imagination, my fantasy continued, "I'll cum when you do, sir. Just like you told me to," Marie whimpered, busily rummaging around between her legs.

With a strangled sound, I bucked upward vigorously, frantically jacking myself with one hand while holding the tissues over my cockhead with the other hand. I blasted out a massive wad, imagining Marie dutifully taking my load down the hatch. I could see myself coolly wiping my dick off on her tits afterward...

Another of my favorite fantasies stars Laura. She's a petite blonde with a gorgeous face and without a doubt the most perfect derriere in the entire world. It's usually the highlight of my day to stand behind her at the copy machine, waiting my turn as I feast my eyes on her tight tushy.

I often wonder if she wears panties, which usually leads to another imaginary interlude. I picture Laura standing in front of my desk, pulling her skirt up high to show me her supple thighs.

Sure enough, she's wearing tiny thong panties, and they're soaked. She peels them down the flawless contours of her legs, and she licks her lips in the process, holding my gaze with her bedroom eyes.

As I picture all this, I start jacking. She tells me how much it turns her on when someone touches her naughty bits. Then she turns around, bends over and spreads her legs to give me a good look. I watch her caress her cunt lips with her dainty little hands and I see her most sensitive spot, which is just begging for some attention.

I move over to her and she grabs me with both hands. Together, we work the tip of my prick up and down the narrow groove between her perfectly sculpted legs.

She squeals when my knob brushes against her clit, and she gasps when it lodges in the snug orifice of her snatch. But I have a much better destination in mind.

She cries out in joy when I push my bulbous knob against her puckered anus and barrel into her rectum. The thought of plowing into sweet Laura's tight asshole with a full head of steam as she holds on for dear life is enough to make any red-blooded man lose his load.

I can practically feel her asshole flexing as I beat my meat, imagining Laura going crazy as I pound her shitter with a vengeance. Her manic squealing is almost enough to coax out my plentiful batch of jism. Whenever I masturbate to lovely Laura, the tissues are never enough to catch all of my spunk...

Well, I don't feel that my on-the-job fantasies are out of line in the least. I was charged with keeping an eye on all of the figures, and that's precisely what I do!

— Edward N., Katy, TX

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

When I won a week-long trip for two to Cancun, not one of my gal-pals could get the time off from work to go with me. I guess that's the downside of working for someone else rather than owning your own business like I do.

The picture-perfect beaches of Cancun are breathtakingly beautiful. Even more beautiful are the traffic-stopping women, with their long, dark hair and voluptuous figures. They say not to drink the water down there, but if you ask me, something must be in it that makes these women so stunning.

But I think that it's the men down there who are terribly underrated. There are no words to describe those dashing desperados. My first day down there, all I could do was drool over the buffet of beefcake that was on display. It was like every guy roaming the beach was a half-naked, bronzed Adonis.

One hottie in particular caught my eye. He was taller than the other guys with the long and lean, chiseled body of a runner. In fact, that's what he was doing the first time I laid eyes on him.

The second time I saw him, he was at the bar of the hotel where I was staying. He was surveying the joint as he leaned back against



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the bar, looking as debonair as you please, and when he saw me, he smiled and waved me over to him.

I tried to stay cool as I ambled over to him. As laid-back as could be, he nodded in greeting as I seated myself on the stool next to his.

Then he said something in Spanish. It sounded really sexy, but he could've been asking me where the crapper was for all I knew. I had no idea what he was talking about, but that seemed to excite him even more.

Somehow, we managed to exchange names. His was Juan. But who needs words, anyway? Less than an hour later we were back in my hotel room. Juan slipped the spaghetti straps of my skimpy dress off of my shoulders, kissing them with pussy-drenching skill. This kind



of behavior wasn't like me at all, but it was the rush of my life. We had only been in my hotel room for a few minutes, and I was already trembling with need.

As Juan slid off my dress, he murmured something in his native tongue that was music to my ears. I didn't understand it of course, but I noticed a look in his eyes when he bared my breasts that told me he was definitely pleased.

His gaze traveled from my hard nipples, down over my flat tummy, and onto the frilly lace of my panties. Again, he murmured something in Spanish, but this time he punctuated his remark by feeling up my tits.

He French-kissed me a little more as he fondled my boobs, and then he ducked down and started sucking on them exuberantly. I moaned softly as I ran my fingers through his thick hair.

Then Juan slid one of his hands between my legs and pushed the wet crotch of my panties up inside of me with a single finger. I arched my back as he then abruptly peeled my panties off of me. The sensation was deliciously tantalizing, and I noticed that my pussy was now twice as moist as it had been just moments earlier.

I stepped out of my panties and kicked off my high heels at the same time. Then our mouths came together again as if drawn to each other magnetically. I pressed my naked body up against Juan. Against my bare flesh, the texture of his clothes felt electrifying, exciting me almost as much as his magic fingers had.

Breaking the kiss, I tried to tantalize him in kind by cupping his bulging crotch and smiling at the heft of it. I nodded my approval, and Juan responded by smiling from ear to ear. I wanted to tell



him that I wanted to blow him, but as they say, actions speak louder than words.

I knelt at his feet and took hold of his belt. I panted him with unmasked delight, licking my lips at the sight of his swarthy manhood. I nuzzled it, rubbing my downy cheek against it before taking his prick in my hands and caressing it lovingly.

When I kissed its bulbous head, he suggestively thrust his hips forward. I took the hint.

I sucked his salami until it was gleaming wet. I tirelessly laved my tongue all over its length for a while, and then I sandwiched it between my boobs and tit-fucked him like mad.

Finally, it was time for the main event. He took my hand and led me to bed. He had me lay on my back, then he knelt between my legs. I was more than ready for what he had to offer, but instead, he merely kissed my neck, followed by my nipples, tantalizing me still further. It was sublime!

My secretions streamed out as if I'd sprung some sort of leak deep within myself. I felt myself on the verge of hyperventilation, whimpering, "Please, Juan. Please take me. I need you."

Then I remembered the language barrier and pointed at my pussy, firmly saying, "Aquí!"

Finally, the beautiful bastard understood me loud and clear. Nudging my legs even farther apart, he gave me what I craved at long last. It felt as if he split me wide-open when he started stuffing me with his wonderful slab of beef. This is just what I needed, and he knew how to give it to me.

When he was finally buried all the way inside of me, my poon chock-full of man-meat, he motioned for me to look down at our conjoined loins. I obliged, feeling so full that I found myself taking carefully measured breaths of relief.

Our pubes were a matted mess of damp, tangled hair, and Juan murmured "Aquí" himself as he carefully unhooded my clit with his fingers, showing it to me.

When he touched it, I gasped at the contact, but I nonetheless started humping instinctively. He started pistonning his impressive length in and out of my pussy. I spazzed out from the sensory overload, the room spinning as Juan lanced my pussy over and over. I was drunk from the sex.

He certainly didn't disappoint. About an hour or so later, I was shuddering through a flurry of orgasms that left me breathless.

As for Juan, when his movements suddenly became erratic, I knew that he was about to blow. And when he did, he withdrew and jacked off madly, cumming all over my face. I was a sticky mess, and I loved it! I was decorated like a cake.

Then he collapsed on top of me, both of us panting like dogs. It was all I could do not to pass out as I stared up at the ceiling fan.

Well, as it turned out, I was glad that none of my friends could come with me. Juan and I had the hotel room to ourselves for a whole week. Neither of us ever understood a word the other said, but sex is the universal language.

— Mary Ann S., Greenwich, CT



club

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WICKED WIVES

THEY'LL HUMP ANYONE EXCEPT THEIR HUSBANDS

CUM AS YOU ARE

I met my husband Aaron while working as a topless waitress at a private sex club. The night we met, he'd casually run his finger through my cleavage as I leaned over his table with my elbows on it, gazing into his eyes.

It got me all hot and bothered, and I became smitten with him right off the bat. When we decided to tie the knot, we also agreed



that we would have an open marriage. I knew I could never tie myself down to just one guy, but I couldn't let Aaron go. He understood completely.

He also didn't make me quit my job. I'm glad, because the money is too good. It's an upscale joint, and of course only the best-looking people are hired to work there. Only the best-looking people make it past the velvet rope, for that matter.

Guys with deep pockets apply for membership to watch the performers (as well as the wait staff) take it off and get it on. And the ones with really deep pockets get to "perform" with us.

My husband certainly has nothing against the money I bring home, but I never talk about what I do at work. He doesn't talk to me about his extramarital affairs, either. We have an understanding not to discuss our little dalliances. We just figure that being discreet lessens any chance of jealousy.

Anyway, I think I'm just oversexed or something, because being ogled (not to mention groped) by so many horny men gets me hotter than hell. I'm in a perpetual state of heat, particularly while I'm working.

Masturbating doesn't get me off anywhere near as well as another warm body does, so if Aaron isn't around, I'll pull some blue-balled horndog into the coat check and make his day.

Just last night, for instance, I earned nearly a grand in tips, and by the time I came home I'd had two gut-busting orgasms. It was a really good night. Every guy who laid eyes on me practically drooled at the sight of my bare knockers, and every guy who ordered a drink from me copped a feel.

I can't say that I blame the poor guys, though. My uniform consists of nothing more than five-inch stilettos, opera-length gloves, a garter belt with silk stockings, and the world's skimpiest leather mini-skirt. It barely covers my pussy, and of course, none of us who work there ever wear panties.

I'd already been fondled by at least a dozen guys when a woman snuck up on me and groped me from behind. She slid a hand down my body and slipped it under my skirt, and while still groping my rack, she stuck her finger into my pussy.

She started humping my ass, and when my breathing sped up, she started licking and sucking on my neck. She nibbled on one of my earlobes and then said, "We're really cooking now, aren't we?"

I giggled as I stuck my ass back into her, replying, "I don't know about you, ma'am, but I sure as hell am."

She started chuckling softly. "Darling, whatever they're paying you here, it's not enough," she said.

She worked the remaining fingers of her delving hand into my juicy pussy and clutched at the soft flesh within, roughly squeezing my tits with her free hand.

A small crowd of guys had encircled us, watching, every last one of them smiling from ear to ear. Some of them started jerking off to the sight of us. And when I felt an orgasm coming on, my new playmate seemed to sense it.

She lowered her hand from my tits and started rubbing my clit, still sucking on my neck and fingering me with her other hand.

The guys started chanting, "Make her cum! Make her cum! Make her cum! Make her cum!"

I started swiveling my hips as my new BFF humped my ass vigorously, and we established a swift grinding motion in perfect sync.

I clamped my smooth thighs shut when I came, trapping her hand deep inside of me, and my head flung back involuntarily as I cried out. My cries drew

a round of leering applause from our little audience, and I heard the woman gasp with surprise when I doused her hand with girl cum.

Needless to say, she gave me quite a hefty tip afterward, along with her phone number. She was one cool chick, I must say.

Later, I found myself flirting with this tall guy who had been walking around with his big dick sticking out of his fly. It had to be at least nine inches long.

It was funny because he looked really suave otherwise, dressed to the nines in an exquisitely cut suit that probably cost a small fortune. He looked like some business tycoon who just happened to be strolling around with a massive hard-on sticking out of his pants.

He bellied up to the bar and leaned in, crooking his finger at me like he wanted to tell me a secret. I smiled at him and leaned closer, intrigued. He simply pressed his lips to mine and stuck his tongue into my mouth.

Then he held my leg up to give him access to my twat. I reached between us and crammed his dick inside. We were much too horny to bother with foreplay.

I thought that was pretty cool, and I giggled a little as I swirled my tongue around his. We swapped spit like that for several minutes without breaking the kiss, both of us leaning on our elbows, and the patrons at our sides jokingly told us to hurry it up so they could order.

I slowly broke the kiss and straightened up, shaking my head as if snapping out of a daze. I took a deep breath and smoothed back my hair.

I smiled at the guy and said, "If you want to fuck me, Mr. Big Stuff, then step right this way."

He laughed, his voice a rich baritone, and he coolly straightened his tie as he replied, "I've really got to start going out more often."

One of my co-workers, Evelyn, was standing nearby, counting out a fat stack of cash that she'd taken from the till. As she began to put the money into the cash box, I tapped her on the





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shoulder and said, "Evelyn, dear, cover for me. I'm taking a little coffee break."

She looked at Mr. Big Stuff and snorted, replying, "I see you take yours with cream."

I came out from behind the bar and then took my latest lover by the dick, leading him into the cloakroom. Without further ado, I bent over, holding onto a sturdy coat rack.

I looked back over my shoulder and flashed my pearly whites at Mr. Big Stuff, purring, "Whenever you're ready, sir."

"I'm always ready," he said, stepping up and grabbing his snake.

He parted my pussylips with his plump dickhead, rubbing it up and down, and then he stuffed it into my twat, not stopping until he'd hit rock-bottom.

Even though I knew it was coming, the sensation of being filled up with that monster was still shocking. It gave me a start, and I nearly stood up straight as I gasped.

me. And when he started grunting, the tip hit my G-spot. I damn near came right then.

I lost control, shrieking in the throes of orgasm. Flexing my vaginal muscles around his johnson made him empty his balls into my pussy. He hosed down my cervix with warm spurts of his gooey sperm.

He slumped over and rested on my back afterward, wheezing, and I had to keep holding onto the coat rack just to support his weight.

When he finally caught his breath, he stood up and asked me my name.

I turned around and quickly quipped, "Claudia. But you can call me 'Anytime.'"

He chuckled as he reached into his pants pocket and pulled out a fat bankroll. It was pinned with a platinum money clip encrusted with tiny diamonds that formed the shape of a dollar sign.

Mr. Big Stuff took off the clip and peeled off 10 crisp C-notes. Then he handed me the cash and said, "Claudia, I do believe I've found myself a new personal assistant. I'm not wrong, am I?"

"Oh there's nothing wrong with you, sir," I gushed, slipping the cash under the waistband of my garter belt, which was already stuffed with the night's tips.

"That's what I like to hear," he said, his sexy smile dripping with utter confidence.

He reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a card that he handed me.

"Here's my card," he said. "You and I are going to get along famously, Claudia."

With that, he sauntered out of the cloakroom, his cock still sticking out of his fly.

Not bad for a night's work, eh? You see, I make a killing in tips, but the truth is that letting the customers do me is as much my pleasure as it is theirs. It's a dirty job, but somebody's gotta do me!

— Claudia O., Redding, CA



Without hesitation, he sank his fingers into my buns and held them apart. Then he let me have it. He started ramming my womb, plunging balls-deep with each thrust, and the sound of his pelvis colliding with my tender asscheeks was probably loud enough to be heard outside of the cloakroom.

I heard him breathing loudly through his nose, snorting like a bull as he yanked me into him so hard that it nearly lifted me off of the floor each time. Right there, amid all the luxurious mink coats and leather jackets, that debonair cuntbuster fucked me so hard that I had to clutch the coat rack for support.

I started hyperventilating when he reached forward and gripped my jiggly tits, still slamming his vein-laden hard-on all the way into

RISKY BUSINESS

The mere existence of a man like Vince makes fidelity impossible for me. Couple that with the fact that we work together and our ongoing affair becomes a no-brainer.

Now, don't get me wrong. Believe it or not, I actually do love my husband dearly. I want to stay married to him for the rest of my life, but I also want to keep fucking Vince. The man is without a doubt the very best lover I have ever had, and that's all there is to it.



He's a beautifully tanned, bronzed Adonis with a gorgeous physique and a boyishly handsome face. He has these amazing green eyes that make a gal throw the third-date rule out the window without a second thought.

Plus, he's a perfect gentleman at all times, except for whenever we're behind the locked doors of his office. That's when he becomes a certified sex fiend.

It all started when Vince and I were assigned to work on a special project together. We'd been burning the midnight oil for some time, and as we got more comfortable with each other we began to get a bit flirtatious. It was playful at first, but in the back of my mind, I knew that I was seriously attracted to this guy.

Then, on the night that we finished the project, Vince's charm wore down what little resistance I had to begin with. Everyone else had long since gone home, and as soon as we were done with work, Vince gave me the sexiest "come hither" smile I've ever seen.

Without a word, we read each other loud and clear.

He leaned back in his chair and looked me over, totally undressing me with his eyes. He loosened his tie and unbuttoned the top button of his shirt, casually saying, "Take your clothes off for me. I want to see your body."

His manner was that of someone asking to borrow a pen.

A strange silence fell. At first, I just stood there and smiled like an idiot, unsure as to whether or not he was serious. But then, almost as if my hands were acting of their own volition, I found myself actually stripping.

It was like his extreme handsomeness compelled me to obey him. I didn't really feel inhibited about it, either.

I made short work of my clothes, and there I stood, totally naked.

Vince drank in the view, and then said, "Turn around. Let's have a look at the total package." Again, I obliged.

When I faced him again, he said, "You know, I'd really love to watch you play with yourself. Let's see if you're comfortable enough with yourself to cum for me."

He said it as if it were a challenge, and if it was, it was one that I resolved to meet. I got down on the couch in his office and spread my legs, proceeding to buff my muff just like I do when my husband is away on a business trip and I'm really horny.

I splayed my labia wide and dipped two fingers where the sun doesn't shine, stirring them in swift little circles as my vaginal

secretions moistened them. With my other hand, I briskly rubbed my clit with all the speed of someone trying to start a fire with a couple of twigs.

I had myself writhing on Vince's couch in no time, and his eyes never left me for a second. I really put on quite a show for him, finger-fucking myself and rubbing my clit while squirming excitedly.

I tilted my head back on the cushions and glimpsed the ceiling, which reminded me of the security camera that Vince had mounted in one of the room's corners.

I looked over at it and saw the little dot of red light, which indicated that it was on. Vince followed my line of sight, and said, "Don't worry. Security doesn't see what that camera sees. The only person who ever reviews the footage is me."

"I'm sure you'll be watching this tape quite a bit," I quipped, seductively lowering my gaze to his crotch, which now bulged at his lap. "You're right about that," he said, laughing.

As my orgasm began to take form, I watched as Vince stood up and began to undress. He was chiseled from head to toe with rippling muscles, and the very sight of it had my pussy lubricating





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profusely. But it was his hard-on that caught my eye.

It was uncircumcised yet unusually smooth, looking more like the idealized sculpture of a cock than the genuine article. I took one look at that thing and knew that I had to have it all the way inside of my pussy.

As I continued masturbating, Vince knelt beside the couch and got a close-up view of my cunt. He leaned in and took a whiff, smiling with his eyes closed as if smelling a great meal about to be served. And that's just what was about to happen.

He brazenly withdrew my fingers and dug into my cunt, dragging his tongue through the groove of my labes, after which he nibbled on my tender pussylips while I kept rubbing my clit.

It took very little time for me to cum after he replaced my fingers with his tongue, jerking his head back and forth in order to tongue-fuck me. When he reached up and fondled my tits while chowing down on my snatch, I came like gangbusters.

Wailing, I gushed my sauce straight into his mouth, and he drank it down.

Then, as I lay staring at him down there, he wiped his mouth and flatly remarked, "Time to fuck."

With no fanfare whatsoever, he simply aligned his prick with my twat and then dropped anchor. A sharp exhalation of breath escaped my lips as he began plowing deep.

Vince looked every inch a god in human form, staring down at me with his perfect features while socking it to me. He slung my legs over his shoulder and started swinging his ass into his thrusts, each one almost knocking the wind out of me.

I started squirming and squealing, which only aroused him further. Before long, the sloshing sounds of his hard-on pistonning back and forth in my tight pussy became audible. My pussy juice was percolating, and Vince flashed me his roguish smile when he noticed it.

He started rubbing my clit as he relentlessly dealt me stroke after stroke, and I started sucking on my tits as he drove me closer to the finish line. Not once did I stop whimpering throughout the whole thing, and not once did Vince ease up on my box.

A few locks of his hair fell into his face at one point, and when he tossed them back the light overhead caught his face, making him



seem radiant. And that's when I came, arching my back so that my ass came clean off of the couch as violent spasms overwhelmed me from the waist down.

When my pussy cinched up around Vince's boner, I saw him hold his breath, clearly trying to stave off the inevitable. But he was a goner when he felt my juices flowing around his rod, which I'd ensnared with my strong vaginal muscles.

His eyes practically rolled up in their sockets as a brief little grunt signaled his orgasm. I reveled in the decadent sensation of having my pussy flooded with warm jism. It was awesome, and it actually left him limp, as evidenced by the way that he collapsed on top of me.

And that was the start of our frenzied love affair. That man just gets to me like no other man ever has. He seems to have a mesmerizing power over me, able to get me to do the most depraved things merely by telling me to.

In my head, it feels wrong, but in my pussy, it feels oh-so-right!

— *Delores, Location Withheld*

HOT FUCK IN THE SUMMERTIME

I couldn't believe that while my husband was flipping burgers on the grill, not 20 feet away from us, our neighbor Troy was feeling me up in the pool, trying to work his hands into my string bikini while nibbling on my neck.

I felt like I should pull away from him and feign outrage or something, for propriety's sake, but I couldn't. At just 22, he was so damn confident and good-looking that I was powerless against him. He was getting me hot, and he seemed to be able to do it at will.

When my husband turned from the grill, Troy backed off. The sneaky devil had prudently kept an eye on him all along.

Hubby came over to the edge of the pool and squatted, resting on his heels as he told us that the food was almost ready. Then he started talking sports with Troy, completely unaware of what was going on right under his nose.

And for the rest of the night, whenever my husband was preoccupied, Troy was all over me, feeling me up without the slightest trace of shame. As soon as my husband turned around, Troy would back off just in the nick of time. And I simply couldn't bring myself to put a stop to it, even though it was incredibly risky.

I couldn't believe the power that this brazen young man had over me. By the stroke of midnight, he had me wet, and I'd made up my mind to give him a piece of ass. At almost 40, I felt like I probably didn't have too many chances left to fuck a 22-year-old, so I aimed to capitalize on this one.

But the real kicker came when he was leaving. He'd waited for my husband to leave the room, at which point he followed him into the kitchen and quickly bid him adieu.

Then he came back out and kissed me on the cheek, after which he whispered, "Your husband mentioned that he's going to turn in soon, so I'll be skinny-dipping in your pool in exactly one hour. Be there."

Then he left, without even waiting to hear what I had to say about it.

My heart pounded like a drum for the next hour, my mind a bedlam of various worries and desires.

Sure enough, my husband soon went to bed after Troy took his leave. I'd told my poor, clueless hubby that I wasn't sleepy, and when it was time for my rendezvous I crept out of the house, my hands clammy and my heart in my throat.

I went out back to our pool, and there was Troy, sitting on our diving board in his birthday suit. As I rounded the perimeter of the pool, I shed my clothing along the way. By the time I reached the diving board, I was as naked as Troy was.

He reclined on the board, propped up on his elbows, and he gave me a smug grin as he said, "Nice birthday suit. C'mon, let's lick and suck each other. You swallow, don't ya?"

I laughed, shaking my head his nerve, but then I answered his question by gracefully straddling him and lowering my muff to his mouth.

Then I got down and gobbled up his cock, which was already hard. He'd probably been jacking himself to stay stiff as he waited for me to come out.

I languidly bathed his meaty shaft with the flat of my tongue, and then I blew his mind by showing off my deep-throat skills.

Meanwhile, Troy was holding his own between my legs, gripping me by my ass as he tongued my pussy. It was full speed ahead when he attacked my twat, dispensing with the preliminaries by trying his best to drive his tongue in as far as a dick could go.

I squeezed his balls while slurping on his hard-on, then I focused on his bulbous dickhead, making loud popping sounds as I forced it in and out of my suctioning mouth over and over. I

kissed it wetly, slobbering all over it as my passion soared. I was clearly enjoying myself.

Troy proved to be a talented cunt-lapper. He unleashed an erratic combination of tongue-fucking, finger-fucking, and clit-sucking with surprising dexterity, and his intensity made his precision all the more impressive. He held my pussylips open the whole time, and before long he even took to fingering my asshole while he ate me out.

The diving board was bobbing in rhythm with the frenetic motion of our naked bodies, and a few times we got so worked up that we nearly fell off of it. I suddenly felt like swallowing his cum without waiting any longer, so I started jacking his shaft really swiftly.

I was rewarded in no time, swallowing a geyser of his salty, spurting cum. I wrapped my lips tightly around his cock so that not a drop escaped my mouth, and then I swallowed it all, turning him on so much that he temporarily stopped eating me out.

He considerably resumed his pussy feast as we waited for him to get it up again, and when he did, I promptly planted my pussy on his fresh hard-on.

But Troy had me reposition myself on my hands and knees, saying, "I wanna fuck you from behind. That's my favorite. Whenever I masturbate to you, that's always the position I imagine."



So I obliged him. Under the dim moonlight, I got on all fours and took a brutal pumping from that young stud. It titillated me wickedly to think of my husband asleep inside the house while our next-door neighbor was balls-deep in my pussy.

Troy was determined to knock the stuffing out of my poon. His staying power was greatly increased now that he'd cum already, and when I came, my vision blurring as my loins caught fire, he unloaded his second orgasm all over my cervix.

That was the first time I ever cheated on my husband, and I wonder if it'll be the last. I'm rather concerned about it, too, because Troy is insatiable, and seeing as how he lives right next door he has all the



Letters



opportunities in the world to pop over and put the moves on me. It's not something I will find easy to pass up.

My husband will raise hell us if he ever catches us, so the coming weeks are going to be more than a little interesting. If more action goes down, I'll write back and let you know.

— *Name and Location Withheld*

THE LAST TEMPTATION

When I got married, my new hubby Terrance and I were broke. To make ends meet, I took a job as an exotic dancer in a strip club, much to my husband's chagrin.

I have no marketable job skills, though, and my looks are the only thing I have going for me. Terrance finally came around, but he made me promise not to cheat on him. I kept that promise... for a couple of months anyway.

There's just something about dancing naked in front of a bunch of horny men that makes my juices flow. I especially like lying on my stomach on the elevated runway, all the while bucking my bare ass as if I were getting fucked doggy-style.

The wide-eyed guys who are seated just a few feet away from me stare right at my bare essentials, clutching a fistful of dollars that they can't wait to give me.

I also love to squat in front of a customer and play with my pussy while he stuffs money into my G-string. And if he's particularly cute, I'll let him roll up the bills and slip it between my tits. That gets me very hot.

After a couple of months on the job, I knew I wasn't going to be able to keep my promise to my husband. I was getting far too turned on at the club and I had to do something about it.

There is a big, burly bouncer nicknamed "Tiny" who works there, and he'd been coming on to me like the end of the world was right around the corner. One night, after putting on an especially scorching performance, I broke down and gave in to the guy. There was just something about him that floated my boat. I like big, burly, bad-ass men.

After closing time, when we locked up and only a few employees were still there, Tiny and I slipped into the ladies' room. I bent over the sink without a word being said.

Tiny didn't waste any time in taking me from behind. I didn't even hear him undo his pants. I just bent over, and the next thing, I knew I had an extra-long chubby stuffed deep inside of my pussy.

He started plowing me in his lumbering, beastly way, and I couldn't help crying out from the force of the fierce fucking he gave me.

After a while, he spun me around as if I were as light as a feather, and then he picked me up and set me down on the long counter.

Without missing a beat, he crammed his hard-on back into my pussy. Then he resumed banging my airtight beaver to beat the band.

I was impressed by his sexual prowess. Even after watching our gorgeous dancers cavort around onstage all night long, getting horny as hell, he still held out longer than I did.

He had only been fucking me for about five minutes when I suddenly came, locking my legs around him while blaring at the top of my lungs. And for only about the fourth or fifth time in my life, I ejaculated, squirting all over Tiny's stiffy.

"I need your ass, baby," he grunted. "Turn around."

I did as I was told, then let loose with a moan of lust that could've awakened the dead as Tiny worked his hard-on all the way into my asshole. He banged my ass hard until he busted his nut into my rectum.

Thankfully, we were sated for the time being. But the next night, we ended up doing the same thing, and I'll be damned if we didn't outdo ourselves.





It has become a nightly thing with us since then. Every night, I'll go onstage and do my routine, getting myself all hot and raring to go in the process, and later I'll go into the ladies' room and take a royal pounding from Tiny.

I've even convinced myself that I'll never cheat with anyone else, reserving my extramarital passions for Tiny. It's a good deal for me because our routine has gotten to be a highly satisfying way to end each night's shift.

In any event, it sure beats just having a stiff drink and a smoke!

— Candy G., *Location Withheld*

STUD BUD

My husband Howard is a real jerk. He fucks around on me all the time, but since he makes so much money and treats me fine otherwise, I ignore it. Little does he know that while he's out fucking other women, I'm home fucking his best friend.

Todd is a 29-year-old-hunk. He got laid off a few months ago, so he's got plenty of time to fuck me while Howard is at work. Howard is also constantly going on "business trips." I knew damn well he

was getting laid, so I decided that two could play that game. Hey, what's good for the goose...

One time when Todd stopped by to use the pool, I joined him out back with a bottle of champagne. When we were both tipsy, I goaded Todd into skinny-dipping with me. When I took my top off, his cock got so hard that he had trouble getting his trunks over it.

We horsed around in the water for a while, then we kissed, my soft, wet tits pressing against his chest and his hard cock poking my pussy. One thing led to another, and he soon had his dick inside my cunt, fucking me like crazy.

"Oh Mindy," he groaned. "You're so fucking beautiful. I've wanted to fuck you since the first time I saw you."

"Why didn't you say anything?" I said, hunching my hips against his prick, which was much larger than my husband's.

He got so overexcited that he couldn't control himself, slamming his prick into my hole like a jackrabbit on speed. "Oh... oh, Mindy, I'm... I'm gonna cum!" he grunted.

His dick swelled inside me when he came, hosing my pussy with jizz. It made me feel tingly inside, and I came right along with him.

Afterward, we went in the house, and I sucked him off, licking my sauce off of his dick to get it hard again. I intended to fuck him some more, but his cock tasted so nice that I couldn't stop blowing him.

I slurped on his shaft until he came in my mouth, then I told him that he had to return the favor, so he ate my pussy to a series of mind-blowing orgasms.





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We fucked and sucked all night long, and by the time my husband got back, I couldn't have cared less who he'd fucked that day. He can cheat on me all he wants, as long as he knows that turnabout is fair play, and you can print this!

— Mindy R., Tucson, AZ

SALESMAN'S SURPRISE

Every afternoon, I like to watch my favorite soap operas and play with my pussy. Since I'm a bored housewife, it's a great way to spice up an otherwise dull day.

I'm only telling you about it so you'll understand why I let that strange man into my home, something that I'd never do ordinarily.

The doorbell rang seconds before I was about to cum while staring at the gorgeous face of my favorite soap hunk. My pussy was so hot you could have fried bacon on it.

I thought about ignoring it, but the distraction had killed my rhythm anyway. I stood and let my skirt fall over my trembling legs and staggered to the door.

I completely forgot that my blouse was half-open, letting a lot of cleavage show. I opened the front door, and the most gorgeous man I've ever seen smiled and let out an appreciative whistle.

He told me that his name was Dave and he was a volunteer working for the campaign of a candidate for state senator. He gaped at my tits.

"If you're busy, I can come back," he said, his voice so sexy that I nearly came.

As he spoke, he handed me a pamphlet, and our fingers touched for an instant. Sparks passed between our bodies.

My heart was beating a mile a minute and I knew that I should close the door, but my pussy had other ideas.

"No, please come in," I said. "It's so hot out there. Let me get you a cool drink."

He gave me a big grin as he slipped past me and entered my living room.

Before I realized what was happening he was sitting on my sofa, looking down at something pink on the floor. My cheeks flushed when I realized I'd left my panties there!

I hustled to scoop them up, embarrassed.

"Looks like it's pretty hot in here, too," he crooned as his eyes roved over my body.

I blushed and sat on the sofa beside him. It was a little late to lie even if I'd wanted to. So I shrugged my shoulders and lay the panties on the table in front of us.

"Sometimes I get bored," I admitted.

He grinned and let his hand touch my knee. A shiver shot through my body and I let out a soft gasp as his fingers moved between my parted legs.

"Maybe I could help you," he said, his fingertip touching my clit and rocking it from side to side.

I let him finger me to a really great orgasm, which didn't take long. I was so worked up from fingering myself earlier that all he had to do was fiddle with my clit a little and I was creaming all over his hand.

"Those sure are some sexy panties," he said.

"You like them?" I asked.

"Yeah. I bet they'd feel good wrapped around my cock."

He was kinky—and I liked it!

"Well, let's find out," I said, unzipping his fly.



His fat cock jumped out, and I wrapped my undies around it. He groaned the instant the soft cotton made contact with his prick.

I jacked him off slowly, sliding the panties up and down his shaft and rubbing them around his knob. He threw his head back and



groaned as I stroked his pole. It was such a turn-on to make a handsome man like him feel so good.

He let me stroke his cock until he was panting like a steam engine, and then he came, gushing warm semen into my panties, thoroughly drenching them.

"Put them back on," he said. "I want you to feel my cum all over your pussy."

Nobody had ever asked me to do that before, but I loved the idea. I wiggled into the wet undies and pulled them up over my ass. I sighed when I felt his creamy cum on my slick snatch.

"Now sit on my lap," he said. I did, and he whisked off my blouse, letting my knockers tumble free. He sucked them as I rubbed my crotch against his cock, mashing the cum-soaked undies into my honeypot.

It felt great, and Dave felt likewise, his cock hardening between us. Then he reached down and pulled the sodden crotch panties aside, letting my pussy's lips dangle free. He wedged his cockhead between them and pulled down on my hips, embedding his entire length in my newly-crammed cunny.

He was so hard that I was creaming the instant his cock hit bottom. I wrapped my arms around his neck and whimpered softly while he devoured my tingling nipples. It felt simply incredible.

I squeezed his dick with the muscles of my cunt and bounced on his pistonning cock. We fucked harder and harder, and faster and faster. It was hot!

I begged him to fill my pussy with his hot load, but he continued to slam his hard prick in and out of me. It was so enthralling that I honestly thought I was going to faint.

Dave snorted and jammed his dick as deep as possible into my quivering pussy, and we came together for what seemed like forever.

His jizz rocketed up into my pussy walls that spasmed around his twitching shaft. He jumped

each time he let loose each and every spurt, and came for what seemed like minutes.

He left a few minutes later, reminding me to support the candidate he was campaigning for. I'd never heard of the guy before, but he had my vote!

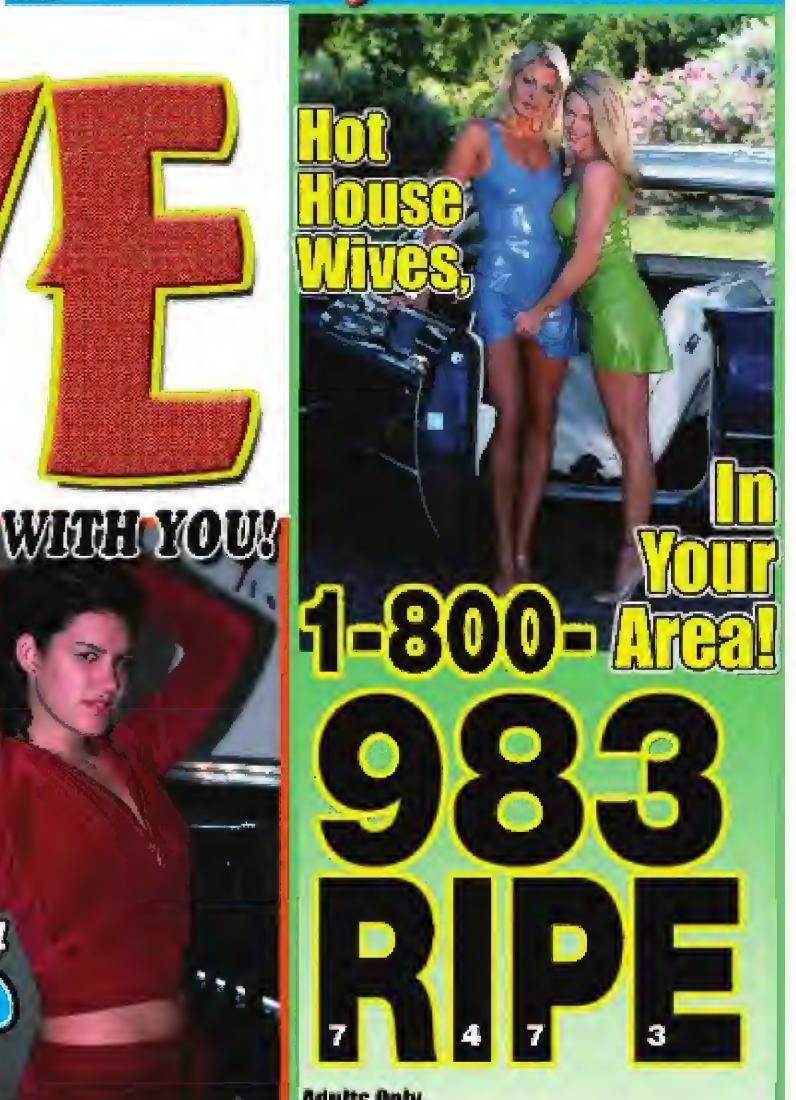
— Brenda G., Somewhere in Florida



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A DIRTY BILL OF HEALTH

When I saw the handsome young man sitting in the emergency area of the hospital where I work, I asked Lynn, another one of the nurses, what he was doing there.

"He looks familiar," I said, trying to place him.

Lynn grinned, replying, "That's because he's here at least twice a month. He's a total hypochondriac. He always thinks he's dying."

"He looks pretty fit to me," I said.

"Tell me about it," she said. "Imagine, a sexy guy like that having nothing better to do than hang out in a hospital."

I had to agree with her. The guy was really handsome. Maybe he just needed a special kind of remedy that only a member of the opposite sex could administer.

"Do you mind if I take him?" I asked. "With his history of hypochondria, the doctors will just give him the runaround."

"Be my guest!" Lynn chuckled. "I've got my hands full with patients with real health issues."

What Lynn didn't know was that I Steven and I had fucked around before a few times over the years.

"What seems to be the trouble today, sir?" I asked, giving him a friendly smile.

"I feel really sick," he said. "I think I have a fever and my pulse is really racing. I feel like I might have a heart attack at any second."

"That sounds like a panic attack to me," I said. "Do you have a history of anxiety?"

He shook his head.

"Well, let's just have a look at you and find out," I cooed, trying to put him at ease as I led him into an examining room.

"Just step over there behind that screen and change into one of the gowns hanging on the rack," I said.

He blushed, which made him look even cuter, but he complied.

After he changed into a gown, I took his pulse, which was steady. His blood pressure was normal, as was his temperature. He seemed to be perfectly healthy.

Then I happened to glance down and notice that he had made quite a tent in his hospital gown. I look damned hot in my nurse's uniform, if I do say so myself, so I thought that was a pretty normal reaction as well. Perhaps a much closer examination was in order.

I locked the door before I started peeling off my tight uniform, stripping down to my birthday suit. Steven was dumbfounded, his mouth agape as I sauntered up to him with my perky smile and my even perkier tits leading the way.

"Steven," I purred, "this hospital is trying out an experimental therapy for patients just like yourself. The success rate is very high, and I feel confident that you'll find it therapeutic. Just sit back and let me handle things."

His eyes were riveted to me and his mouth hung open. He managed to whisper, "Do it," so I lifted his gown and got a good look at his hard-on.

It was a fine specimen, to put it mildly. I took off my latex gloves and started stroking Steven's nice long shaft, and he closed his eyes.

"I think it's working," he said. "I feel better already."

"Then it's time to start the next stage of your therapy," I declared, kneeling and taking his cock into my mouth.

I started humming as I sucked on his shaft, gradually working my way down to his root. Steven gasped, and I looked up at him, holding his gaze as he leaned back. He was tentative at first, but he worked up the nerve to put a hand on my head and guide me as I bobbed on his stalk.

I slurped lustily on his prong, making quite a ruckus between his legs as he tried to modulate his breathing. My cocksucking technique is flawless, and I had him clapping a hand to his mouth to stifle his groans in no time.

I cupped his balls and caressed them as I methodically crammed his shaft down my throat with surgical precision. No man is able to withstand that kind of lip service for long, and Steven was no exception. After just a few minutes, he unloaded his sperm into my mouth. I swirled it around with my tongue for a bit before swilling it all down.





Then he held my leg up to give him access to my twat. I reached between us and crammed his dick inside. We were much too horny to bother with foreplay.



Afterward, I slowly pulled my lips off of his wet tool and smugly asked if he was feeling any better.

"A little," he murmured. "I think I'm still pretty sick, though. Are there any other experimental therapies that we can try?"

"Most definitely," I purred. I straddled his lap, my cunt hovering over his cock. It stuck up like a totem pole despite the fact that he just came, and as I eased my neatly trimmed pussy down onto it, he placed his hands on my taut thighs to steady me.

I teasingly rubbed my muff back and forth against his dickhead, his spongy knob parting my dewy labes. But then Steven surprised me by taking some initiative.

He suddenly grabbed my firm asscheeks and pressed down, impaling my juicy pussy on his cock. I couldn't help crying out, though it wasn't loud enough for anyone to notice, and Steven tilted his head back with a heavy sigh. His mouth went slack, and that inspired me to feed him my tits.

He opened his eyes when he felt my nipple against his lips. He took to nursing on my supple knockers like a fish to water.

I slipped my arms around his neck and smushed my rack into his face as he sucked, and at the same time, I started riding his hard-on at a deliberately slow pace.

That didn't last long, though, because getting my tight twat stretched out felt so great that I started humping him at top speed before long.

When Steven finally came up for breath, I promptly stuck my tongue into his mouth. My fervor made him sigh, even as I swirled my tongue around his, and our humping was now intense enough to make the sound of applause emanate from our loins.

I was now sliding my ass all over his lap, our flesh slick with perspiration, and Steven hugged me tightly enough to lift me, working me up and down on his boner.

Our pace steadily increased, and when our frantic humping became violent, my new favorite patient suddenly spewed a geyser of sperm into my womb.

His convulsions had him rubbing up against me in a way that stimulated my clitoris, and before you knew it, he had me cumming like crazy.

It was draining for the both of us. In fact, it was so intense that we could only slump against each other and try to catch our breath.

"Well, Steven," I said at length, still wheezing but finally able to speak, "are you feeling better now?"

"For the first time in my life, I feel fine," he sputtered, idly fondling my tits.





Letters



I told him that he'd have to come back soon for a check-up. After all, I needed steady sexual healing just as bad as he did!

— Darlene P., Manhasset, NY

STIR IT UP

Murray's a medical intern and I'm a nurse. We're serious about medicine, but we're much more serious about fucking.

We've been dating ever since he started his internship a few months ago, and even if I were the type of woman who actually kept count, I still would've lost track of how many times we've done it by now.

What I find interesting is that the place where we've done it the most is the hospital. Whenever we have a bit of downtime, we sneak off to a quiet corner and get down and dirty. The risk of getting caught at any moment is such a fucking rush!

We've fucked in places as diverse as custodial closets, storage rooms, stairwells, the roof, even in one of the hospital beds with a comatose patient in another bed right across from us.

One evening, when we were checking out prospective hiding places, we passed by the main doors of the gynecological clinic. Murray pointed at the doors and nudged me, saying, "Ever done it with your feet in stirrups?"

I loved the idea the instant he said it.

"Sounds great to me!" I chirped, clapping my hands together. "There's a set of master keys in the nurse's station down the corridor. Just give me a sec to go 'borrow' them."

Back at the nurse's station, I waited until everyone else was preoccupied and then filched the keys. Murray and I finished our rounds, then stole away into one of the empty obstetrics rooms to get down to some risky business.

I quickly undressed and lay down on the large examining table that dominated the little room. Then Murray helped me put my feet into the stirrups.

"Now, miss," he began, assuming a no-nonsense tone, "I'm going to probe you first. Standard procedure, you know. You just try to relax as much as possible."

He delicately inserted a speculum into my pussy, although he didn't use the proper application. He was just teasing me, lewdly prodding my poon. The sensation of the speculum's cold steel stimulated me deliciously. My toes curled, and as I lightly chewed on my bottom lip, a titillated squeal slipped out of me.

Murray soon put down the speculum and stuck a pair of fingers into my snatch all the way to the knuckles. He started circling them around very briskly, as if stirring coffee, and then he started rubbing my clit with the thumb of his other hand.

After several moments of this, he withdrew his digits and smiled at the moisture that glistened on them.

"Ah! Excellent response," he murmured.

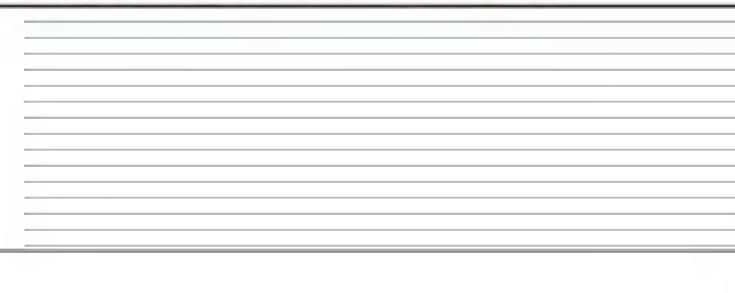
Murray then hunkered down between my spread legs and slid his tongue between the moist folds of my labia. I automatically tensed up, gripping the railing at my sides as he stuck his tongue deep into my twat and shook his head from side to side.

He gripped my thighs really firmly and forced his face forward as far as it would go, slithering his tongue in and out of my cunt like a snake in its burrow.

"Oh, doctor!" I squealed, acting as girly as could be.

Murray has always been a virtuoso at cunnilingus, but he really outdid himself this time. I think that the role-playing heightened his performance. I felt downright lightheaded as he tongued my snatch with wild abandon. He had my pussy juicing like a fountain.





"Dr. Murray, I think I'm gonna cum!" I whined, writhing around. I gripped the railing so hard that the whites of my knuckles showed. My legs were bucking so wildly that I nearly ripped the stirrups out of their sockets. When I erupted at last, it was simply overwhelming.

It was as if I were caught in the grip of a seizure, convulsing with every orgasmic wave that coursed throughout my body. As I thrashed around in the throes of my climax, Murray became the eager recipient of my pussy cream. I actually heard him gulping down my discharge, which turned me on all the more.

Afterward, Murray lifted his head and said, "I must say that I'm astounded by the condition of your vagina. It should be studied for educational purposes."

"Why, thank you, doctor," I said. "Is the examination over?"

"Not yet," he said. "We'll have to make sure that there's no blockage of any sort deeper in the vaginal canal. Now you just relax, dear. This won't hurt a bit."

Murray dropped his drawers and got in a position to penetrate my pussy with his fat cock. He clutched my hips and rammed forward, slamming his hard-on all the way into my tender twat.

It wasn't until then that he finally did away with all of the role-playing. Suddenly, he was just good ol' Murray, sweat beading on his brow as we switched positions so that I was on top. He had gotten himself so worked up that he came in no time, straight up into my hole.

When we went back to work a few minutes later, no one suspected a thing. It was the perfect crime.

If any of you out there watch shows that take place in hospitals where the doctors seem to do more fucking than operating, take my word for it: Art imitates life!

— Marcie D., Auburn, AL

PREPPING HER PUSSY

When I first saw Alicia signing into the hospital where I'm a nurse, I was floored by her killer looks. I'm a mostly straight gal

with some bisexual tendencies, and I recognized her right away as a model from some clothing ads in the local papers.

With her looks, I was sure she'd be modeling for national campaigns in no time. She was tall and slender, with lustrous blond hair that cascaded down past her shoulders. I hoped that she'd be sent to one of the rooms on my route.

As luck would have it, she was. I've been a nurse for five years, and never before had I gotten so excited about a patient, male or female. Alicia had a sweet innocence that was uncommon for a woman of her beauty. She was

in the hospital for a minor procedure, and I resolved to make her stay as comfortable as possible.

Later in the day, I went into her room to check her vitals. I also wanted to introduce myself. She had on the plain paper gown that all of the patients wore, but on her, it looked like a Paris original. The outline of her flawless breasts was painfully apparent under the filmy material of the gown, and it took some conscious effort to pry my eyes off of them.

She trembled as she told me her medical history.

"Just relax, sweetie," I said. "We're not in the business of harming patients here."

"I know," she mewed, relaxing a little. "It's just that I've never had surgery before, so I'm kind of scared. I can't help it. The doctors say it's a routine procedure, but that just doesn't help very much."

I took her hand in mine and gently patted it. Her skin was amazingly soft. She didn't seem

to mind holding my hand, either. In fact, it seemed to relax her.

"I'll be back later to do something you might not like," I said. "We have to shave you for tomorrow's surgery. I bet your boyfriend will like it, though."

She giggled softly and replied, "I don't have a boyfriend. But it's fine. I've always wondered what I'd look like bald down there."

We shared a laugh and then I took my leave. The thought of shaving her pubes never left the back of my mind.

When I came back later, I had scissors, a razor, a bowl of warm water and a can of shaving cream. Alicia trustingly hiked up her gown to reveal her pretty little pussy. It was as adorable as she was. There was no doubt about it: I was smitten.





Letters

"Do you want to do it, or do you want me to?" I asked.

"Be gentle," she peeped playfully, and gave me the green light to go.



"You're in good hands," I assured her. "I do mine all the time." She smiled.

I carefully snipped off her bush with the scissors before lathering her up for the main event. I knew that she was nervous, but she gradually calmed down as I went about the business of shaving her snatch.

Then I noticed the tiniest trace of clear goo issuing from her pussy, as if she were aroused by the shaving. It certainly aroused me, I can tell you that!

About 15 minutes later, her mound was as smooth as an egg. Alicia glanced down to have a look at my handiwork, anxiously biting her bottom lip. And then, to my great relief, I saw that she was pleased.

"It looks kind of sexy, don't you think?" she said, her bow-shaped lips curling into a smile. "Do you think guys will like it?"

"Honey, everyone will like it," I quipped.

Alicia arched her perfectly tweezed eyebrows at that, pausing for a moment before softly saying, "Is that a fact? Well, since it's your handiwork, it's only fair that you get first crack at it."

"Are... Are you serious?" I asked.

"I might not be the most sophisticated woman around, but I know when someone wants me," she said.

Since I'd been given the go ahead, I eagerly pressed my lips to her bald beaver and got to work. My heart was palpitating as I repeatedly dragged the flat of my tongue up and down her smooth mound, making her whimper nonstop.

I couldn't believe that this was actually happening. Not only was I eating out my dream girl, but I was doing it with all of my colleagues right outside the door!

I stuck my tongue all the way into her quim and savored her tart secretions, slobbering and moaning as I got carried away. I glanced up and saw a smile on her face that gave me the courage to wiggle two fingers into her puffy little poon.

It felt like heaven itself, especially when she flexed her vaginal muscles, ensnaring my fingers, though I kept finger-fucking her with dogged concentration. Then I started sucking on her clit while I diddled her silly.

She had the yummiest cunt I'd ever tasted. I've tasted plenty of pussy, too, so that's really saying something.

She started hyperventilating as I nibbled on her clit while driving my fingers in and out of her hole. I slipped my free hand under her gown and slid it up to her tits, which I groped to my heart's content.

I made up my mind that I wasn't going to let up until she came, so I relentlessly fondled her titties while sucking on her clit and fingering her snatch. I maintained this combination like that until she abruptly started spasming like you wouldn't believe.

She gushed pussy juice straight into my mouth as if her plumbing had sprung a leak. I happily drank every last drop.

Afterward, as she caught her breath, I took off her gown. Then I had my way with her scrumptious titties, squeezing them whenever I wasn't stuffing as much of them as I could fit into my mouth.

Feasting on her cupcakes soon had my pussy wet enough to insist on reciprocation. Thankfully, Alicia believed in returning the favor.

I reached under my uniform and pulled off my panties. Then I hiked up my skirt and clambered on top of her, straddling her gorgeous face and lining up my pussy with it. She proceeded to eat me



out with surprising skill, doing almost as wicked a number on my cunt as I'd done on hers.

She was a real sport, not letting up until I'd orgasmed smack-dab into her mouth. I gnashed my teeth to keep from screaming my head off when I came, practically smothering the little angel with my snatch syrup. Garbled grunts came from between my fleshy thighs, and I could see Alicia's face reddening as I released my girl cum all over her pretty mug.

She surprised me again, though, and this time it was her tenacity that caught me off-guard. She clutched my thighs for dear life while driving her tongue as deep as possible. I came another river into that foxy little stunner's mouth, and I didn't even think about budging until she'd chugged it all down.

Later, after we both had regrouped from our exhausting orgasms, I straightened myself up to continue my rounds.

"Good luck tomorrow," I told her, caressing her downy cheek. "I'll be thinking of you all night."

The next day, Alicia's surgery turned out to be the routine procedure that everyone had said it would be. She was perfectly fine, and both of us were greatly relieved. I was even more relieved when Alicia later told me that she'd like to see me again.

"I've always wanted to have my own private nurse," she said with a wink.

— Bernadette U., Red Bank, NJ

MAKING THE ROUNDS

I've been a nurse for six years. During that time, I've seen some pretty sexy patients come and go. But one of the standing orders here is never to mix business with pleasure, although sometimes it's very difficult to stick to the rules.

I've seen some of the most incredible studs pass through these doors. There have been a few famous athletes who've stayed here, not to mention a well-known actor who once came in to have a little work done. That was definitely a highlight. I mean, what a major thrill it would've been to do a hunk like that.

You hear about guys taking cold showers when they're sexually frustrated, and even though I'm a woman, I can relate. On more than a few occasions, my pussy has gotten so moist from interacting with handsome patients that I've had to duck into the ladies' room and diddle myself to orgasm.

I've enjoyed flirting with some of the patients every now and then, but I've always kept the "hands off" policy intact at the end of the day. Then one day, I found myself so taken with a patient that I knew I wouldn't be able to resist him if an opportunity arose.

It was a college football player by the name of Tony who came into the hospital with a badly swollen knee. He'd injured it in a big game and was in quite a bit of pain.

Tony happened to be one of the most handsome guys I've ever seen. And I knew the attraction was mutual, because he would check out my boobs whenever I was in his vicinity.

Doctors came and went, but eventually the two of us found our-



selves alone together in his room. I felt my pulse quicken when I realized that it was just me and this choice side of beefcake. Imagine the whirlwind of thoughts and feelings that swirled in my mind when I noticed that Tony had developed a hard-on big enough to lift his bed sheet right before my eyes.

I figured that there was no harm in teasing the big lug a little. I started fiddling with various things around in the room, pretending to tidy up. This allowed me to bend over in front of him numerous times, and whenever I did, my uniform would ride up to the backs of my thighs all the way to my buns.

I knew that he could glimpse the lower swells of my supple ass-cheeks, and that had the crotch of my thong damp in a jiffy.

Most of the other nurses prefer pantyhose, but I love to wear a white garter belt with nylons. It makes me feel so sexy in my otherwise bland uniform. Tony must've thought so, too, because when I spied him in the reflection of a mirror, I saw that he was staring directly at my ass.

Well, I had other patients to tend to, so I gave him my sexiest smile and politely excused myself, adding that I'd return shortly. True to my promise, I went back to see him about half an hour later and saw that his cock had returned to a flaccid state. But within a few minutes of my arrival, it was standing at attention once again.

This time, I fussed with his bedsheets, bending over in front of him so that he could ogle my ass. I even bent over while facing him, so he could check out my cleavage. This allowed him to see that my jiggly tits were tightly stuffed into my frilly bra.



Letters

This time, I had a plan. When I felt certain that he was ogling me from behind, I suddenly spun around and folded my arms over my chest, giving him a look of mock-anger.

"Tony!" I snapped. "Were you trying to look up my dress? Shame on you! Did you like what you saw, Mr. Peeping Tom?"

"Did I?" he chuckled. "Of course I did!"

"Well, if that's the case, then maybe you'd like a closer look," I replied playfully.

Acting on pure impulse, I swiftly wriggled out of my thong panties. Then I pulled the hem of my uniform up to my hips so that Tony could enjoy the view.

I swiveled my hips like an exotic dancer as he took in the scenery. Then I slid my fingertips up and down my smooth slit a few times before raising my fingers to my pouty lips and languidly sucking them clean.

"Mmm," I hummed, staring straight into his disbelieving eyes.

I wanted to fuck him so bad, but I couldn't do it without breaking the rules. Then I got an idea.

"Say, why don't you jerk off for me now?" I suggested.

This was basically okay, I figured. I mean, it's not like I was even touching the patient, so I wasn't technically breaking rules.

Tony whipped the sheet off of him and gripped his imposing hard-on, jacking it just as I'd suggested. Then, for his viewing pleasure, I crammed two fingers all the way up my pussy and pumped myself at a leisurely clip.

Naturally, the sensations were exquisite, but what I loved most was seeing the look of lust on Tony's face.

I'd never masturbated for a guy before, but it turned out to be a really thrilling experience. I'd always fantasized about what it was like to be a stripper, and this afforded me a little sample of what that experience would be like.

I started finger-fucking my-self more excitedly, my movements becoming rougher as Tony sat up in bed to get a better view, not missing a beat on his meat.

Tony's cock swelled even bigger as he jacked it, and it seemed to me that he was rapidly approaching the bursting point.

I was close to cumming, too, and cum I did. A downpour of pussy juice flowed out of my slit, over my hands and down my quaking legs. After the first orgasmic wave crashed over me, my knees buckled and I crumpled to the floor, still cumming all over myself as a throaty cry escaped my lips.

The rowdy spectacle of my orgasm triggered Tony's own climax. He moaned and groaned as his dick blasted out a veritable fountain of jism that shot into the air and rained back down his pumping fist.

I wanted to stay longer and see what else we could get into, but I heard the sound of approaching footsteps from out in the hall. I frantically scrambled to my feet and smoothed out my uniform. Then I stuffed my thong into my pocket and made Tony get back under the sheets just in time for his doctor to poke his head into the room.

I didn't get another chance to mess around with him before he was released, but he did slip me his phone number.



The only problem is, now that I've gone that far and gotten away with it, I'm a little scared that I'll eventually be tempted to go all the way with another patient. It's something I would enjoy, but it's not worth losing my job over.

I guess I'm just an angel of mercy who's afraid of losing her pretty little wings!

— Leah F., Blacksburg, VA

FULL SERVICE STAFF

I don't know what it is about me, but I drive the ladies crazy. I guess I have just the right mix of confidence and vulnerability—not to mention a nine-inch cock.

When I busted my ankle playing street hockey last month, the entire nursing staff was falling over itself trying to take care of me. I just flashed them my million-dollar smile, secure in the knowledge that painkillers wouldn't be the only thing helping me get through the night.



No sooner had I turned out the lights than Mary-Ann and April — two hot-to-trot candy-stripers — walked into my room and got buck-naked.

But that was only the beginning.

Mary-Ann was sucking my dick and April was sitting on my face while I flicked my tongue rapidly across her swollen clit. I gave her a half-dozen blistering orgasms before she rolled beside me onto the bed, gasping for breath. Mary-Ann took her place, feeding me another mouthful of hot pussy.

I was happy to give her the same tongue-lashing that I had given April, so I dove face-first into her slippery slit. Meanwhile, I savored the feel of a hot mouth bobbing on my stiff dick. Then I realized something around me.

April was still lying beside me with a satisfied smile on her pretty face, so who was gobbling my knob?

I was confused, but I was having too much fun to stop. I hunched my hips and let the new addition to our orgy drive me wild with her wicked tongue.

It wasn't until Mary-Ann rolled off my face that I was able to look down and saw that the new mouth belonged to a nurse I had never

seen before. She was swallowing my hard cock like a pro while her fist flew up and down my shaft.

"This is our friend Rose," April giggled, kneeling beside the new nurse and fondling her naked ass. "She wasn't even on duty tonight, but when we told her about you, she volunteered to put in some pro bono work."

I just sat back and let Rose blow me. I was ready to rinse her tonsils off with my heavy load, but before that could happen, she spat out my dick and sat back on her heels.

"Hey! You can't leave me hanging like this," I groaned, my dick twitching in frustration.

Rose smiled and walked forward on her knees until her pussy was directly over my dick.

"Rose is shy, but she wants to fuck you," Mary-Ann panted, guiding my cock between Rose's slippery pussylips.

I was too excited to stop even if I'd wanted to, so I shoved my dick as deep as possible into Rose's tight hole, making her eyes roll back in her head.

"That's it," Mary-Ann said, shoving a finger into April's pussy. "Make her cum."





Letters



April ground her hips against Mary-Ann's probing finger until she whimpered and stuffed her own finger into Mary-Ann's poon. Soon, they were both cumming on each other's hand.

It was too much for a man to stand. Three horny nurses all cumming like crazy in a room that smelled of snatch. Add to that the fact that my dick was deep in a tight cunt and you have the makings of a mind-boggling climax.

I held back the load swirling in my balls for as long as possible while I watched April and Mary-Ann cream their brains out. I was doing pretty well, too, until Rose arched her back and started gushing all over my dick.

When that happened, I growled like a wolf and shot my wad deep inside of Rose's quivering quim while she moaned for more.

It left us so totally exhausted that we lay there in a sweaty heap for a while before the nurses said they had to get back to work.

"Rose can stay, though," said April. "Would that be okay with you?"

My cock was already back in Rose's mouth, so I just groaned in the affirmative.

I don't know why everyone is always complaining about the health care system in this country. It seems just fine to me!

— Bob S., San Francisco, CA

BATHTIME BONER

"It's time for your sponge bath, Danny," said Rita, my nurse.

I'd been in the hospital for a week with a broken leg. It didn't hurt that bad anymore, but the doctors wouldn't let me leave for another few days. I was good with that, though. Why would I want to leave when I had sexy Rita giving me a sponge bath every day?

Thus far, I'd managed to avoid popping a boner while she soaped me up, but that all changed when Rita spilled some water on herself, rendering her white uniform transparent. I took one look at her dark nipples and sprouted a mean hard-on.

She giggled, making her tits jiggle in her wet uniform.

"I'm sorry" I said sheepishly. "I can't help it."

"There's nothing to be sorry about," she said. "It's natural for a healthy young man like you."

When she softly touched my tool with her soapy hand, I thought I would cum right there.

"Do you like the way I look, Danny?" she asked, slowly unbuttoning her uniform, revealing her naked tits. She fondled them in front of me, making my cock feel like it was about to explode.

"You can touch them if you want," she said, placing my hands on her warm flesh, letting me play with her boobs.

"Oh Danny, you're good," she sighed, running her fingertips across my sensitive knob. "I really shouldn't be doing this. Could we make this our little secret, Danny? Please?"

"You can do anything you want with me, Rita," I said. "I promise I won't tell a soul."





"You won't regret it," she said, sliding down so that her face was inches from my prick.

She told me I had a beautiful cock, and then she wrapped her lips around its fat, juicy head, forming a tight ring as she swabbed the tender underside of my shaft with her tongue.

I groaned with pleasure as she wiggled her tongue all over my bone, coating it with a sheen of spit. Then she gulped down my dong to the hilt, the knob wedged at the back of her throat.

Instinct took over, and I bucked my hips, fucking my nurse's mouth while she fisted my slippery shaft.

As she jerked me off in a blur, I cried out in orgasm, spraying hot seed into her hungry mouth.

She gulped down every last drop while continuing to jerk me off. It was such a turn-on that my prick never went soft.

"Oh Danny, that was delicious," she said, crawling on top of me. "But now I want your big cock in my

tight pussy. I need you to fuck me, and fuck me good. Do you think you're up to doing that?"

"I think I can handle that!" I replied quickly.

Positioning herself over my lap, she lowered herself slowly and speared her snatch on my spear. When her ass tapped my balls, I groaned from the sensation of her cunt walls clutching my rock-hard tool. It was like a velvet glove massaging my dick for all it was worth.

"Oh Rita, you feel incredible," I moaned, pushing up off the mattress with my good leg to cram my crank as deep inside her as I could go. Then she did all the work, bounding on my boner as slow or fast as she desired.

"Yes! Fuck me, Danny!" she gasped, and I knew she was cumming when I felt her hot juices drenching my balls. It was like a waterfall down there.

Her twat got so wet and tight that I couldn't take anymore, so I came again, this time shooting spooge into her mouth.

"I've got to go now," she said when it was all over. "But I'll be back tomorrow for your sponge bath."

I never wanted to leave that hospital. I briefly thought about breaking my other leg, but in the end I decided that it wasn't worth it.

Now I lay awake at night, thinking about Rita's hot snatch, and I wonder if I made a mistake. Pain is temporary, but the memory of a hot fuck is forever.

— Danny R., Saginaw, MI




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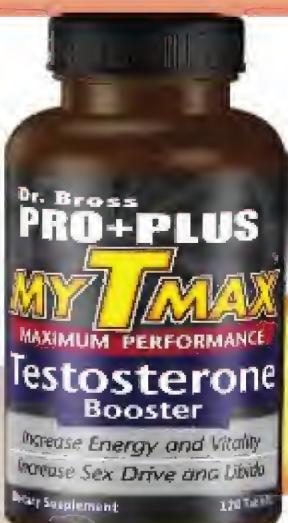
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My boyfriend Jason says I'm a nymphomaniac. I say he's just a horny bastard and I can't say no to him. Whatever the reason, we spend so much time fucking that we hardly do anything else. That's our hobby!

This morning was typical. The alarm went off, and we snuggled under the warm blankets. My naked body against Jason's made my pussy tingle, and when I felt his juicy meat, already half-hard wedged between us, I knew what I wanted for breakfast!

Scooting downward, licking Jason's chest and flat belly as I went, I wrapped my lips around his growing cock. He moaned as I took most of his prick into my mouth, teasing it with my tongue and releasing it inch by inch as it got hard.

He moaned again when I used both hands to fondle his cock and balls while sucking on his fat knob. After the first droplets of pre-cum bubbled onto my tongue, I swallowed that yummy appetizer and looked up at him.

His soft brown eyes gazed down at me, a happy grin on his face. His hair was tousled from sleep. "What a nice way to start the day," he said.

I kissed his fingers when he touched my lips and then returned my mouth to his cock, which was throbbing intensely in my hands. After planting a few wet kisses around the head, I swirled my tongue around it lazily, probing into his little hole from time to time. I motioned for him to follow me into the bathroom and drew a bath in our oversized tub.

While it filled, I wrapped my lips around his meat, sucking hard on the first few inches while my hands stroked his shaft and played with his balls. Jason's moans grew louder and he fucked my mouth gently.

My pussy was getting starved for attention, so I slipped two fingers inside and smeared the growing wetness up to my hard clit. It felt so good that I moaned around his dick, sending vibrations down his shaft. We climbed into the tub, but I





Then he held my leg up to give him access to my twat. I reached between us and crammed his dick inside. We were much too horny to bother with foreplay.



have to tell you that I was already soaked without the help of the warm water.

Suddenly, he was pulling me off of his cock, a string of spit connecting my bottom lip to his swollen prickhead.

"Your mouth feels wonderful, but I gotta fuck that sweet cunt!" he panted.

I wasn't about to argue. I spread as wide as they could go, and I gasped when Jason began rubbing his dickhead up and down my slit.

"Fuck me," I whispered, reaching for him. "Make me cum!"

Fucking is serious business for Jason, and this time was no exception. He concentrated deeply as he filled up my cunt with his prick. Once he was inside me, we lay still for a couple of minutes while he sucked my titties, flicking my hard nipples gently with his tongue.



Letters



"Mmm, Jason," I whimpered, squeezing his prick with my cunt muscles.

At last, he began moving. He gave me a few short, teasing thrusts and then one long, deep one that almost took my breath away. I ground my cunt against him, reaching for every inch he could give me.

My excitement must have spurred him on, because he groaned and began pounding away at my poon. I wrapped my arms and legs around him, meeting him thrust for thrust until we came at the same time, our juices running down my ass-crack to the water below because my box was too tight to contain them all.

That sight must have really set him off as he told me how much he wanted my ass. I liked the idea too, and gave up my butt all too willingly. He slowly slid his hard shaft into my ass. I think I rode him harder then when he was in my pussy. It felt so fucking good. I have to say this was



the best anal sex we ever had. I came hard again, and so did he as he pulled out and shot his second load down my throat.

After we caught our breath, he untangled himself from me and we both climbed out of the tub to start our day.

I was working on my laptop when Jason came into my at-home office to say he was leaving. Our lips touched, sparks flew and the next thing I knew, we were grinding our bodies together again, his cock fighting to get out of his jeans. With a grin on his face, he unzipped his pants and pulled out his dick. It was long and hard and ready!

Jason began stroking it steadily while I sat on my chair and watched. I pulled up my T-shirt and played with my bare pussy while listening to his hand sliding up and down his fuckstick.

After just a few minutes of watching me fondle myself, he groaned as he sprayed out his third load of the morning.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED



That's how our days start out. I work until it's almost time for Jason to come home. Then I shower and slip into a sexy nightie and wait for him.

There's something about Jason when he first comes home from work that drives me wild. Usually his clothes are dirty and his hair is a mess. He looks a little tired and smells a little sweaty, but that's when I love him the most.

This evening he brought home Chinese takeout, and I was in his arms before he even put it on the counter. He responded to my kisses by sucking on my tongue and letting his hands roam freely over my body as I squirmed against him.

"Let me undress you," I whispered and then led him to the sofa. I untied his work boots and pulled them off, massaging his tired feet.

I kissed him while I unbuttoned his shirt and ran my fingers on his chest. His belt came off next and I rubbed my face on his bulging crotch.





Letters



Soon we were both panting as I struggled to remove his jeans and peel off his shorts. Finally, his hard-on was out in the open, and I gave it a big kiss before taking off my nightie.

"Dinner's getting cold," he murmured.

"Let it," I replied as I straddled his lap and dipped a tit into his mouth.

Without any further preliminaries, I sat down, taking his big cock in my melting muff and began riding him ragged.

Jason can read me like a book, so he just let me do what I wanted, stroking my back, cupping my dangling tits and thrusting upward every once in a while. I came in seconds, my pussy walls shuddering around his rod as I collapsed on his chest.

"Hell, forget dinner. I'm not hungry anyway," Jason muttered as he lowered me to the floor.

He pushed my legs back and began pumping in and out of my pussy with abandon. Our bodies moved together fluidly, and



SATISFACTION GUARANTEED





Letters



SATISFACTION GUARANTEED





Letters



SATISFACTION GUARANTEED



he made me cum twice before finally spilling his spunk inside my contracting snatch.

Then Jason took a shower and I offered to wash his back, which led to a quick, hot fuck under the pounding water. By the time we got around to eating, our dinner was ice cold.

One evening we decided to go out to dinner to spare us the temptation. He hurried home, showered and dressed up in a suit. He looked so handsome I could hardly keep my hands off him in the car.

He was no gentleman himself, letting his hand run up and down my thigh. When his fingers danced across my crotch, he found out I wasn't wearing panties. Needless to say, we were both horny when we reached the restaurant.

After we sat down and ordered, Jason picked that special moment to ask me to marry him. The diamond ring he pulled out of his pocket let me know he was serious and, of course, I accepted.

The longer we talked, the wetter I got below.

"Are you still hard?" I asked.

He nodded and put my hand on his crotch so I could test the veracity of his words.

"I need you inside me," I whispered.

Jason tossed some money on the table and we left the restaurant before our food even came. I sucked him off on the way home and we started fucking in the car before we went inside where the action continued for over half the night!

Now that you have all the facts, you can simply just judge for yourself. I may be a nympho, but I still say Jason's one horny bastard. What do you think?



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ERUPTIONS OF LUST

KINKY CORRESPONDENCE FROM READERS WHO GET OFF HOWEVER THEY CAN!

HORNY HARRY

My co-worker Harry is the horniest man I've ever met. He thinks about sex constantly. He's ready anytime of the day or night to tell me what he'd like to do to my body. But whenever I get hot enough to take him up on his offer, he backs out.

You see, Harry has one major hang-up. He actually loves his wife, and he only uses our flirtation to build up a big, fat hard-on to carry home to her after work.

I didn't come by this bit of information easily. I had to corner him behind a locked door in one of the conference rooms and grab a handful of dick to get him to admit that he would never cheat on his wife.

I guess that might turn many women off, but not me. It made me more determined than ever to sit on his dick and let him whisper in my ear all of the things that he wants to do to my body.

It took me more than a month to come up with a plan, but as soon as I did I swung into action.

First off, I stopped wearing panties to the office. That way, if I ever got a chance to ride the baloney pony, they wouldn't slow me down.

And I got a serendipitous surprise from "going commando." It allowed me to sneak a hand between my legs for a quick on-the-job orgasm from time to time while I waited for my chance to pounce on Harry.

Two weeks after I stopped wearing panties, my opportunity came a-knocking. I was working late and the office was empty when Harry walked up to my desk. He was ready to go home, his coat on, his briefcase in hand. I knew before he opened his mouth that he was going to flirt with me long enough to create a nice big boner for his bride.

"You look delicious," he began, his sexy baritone doing its usual number on me. I felt a delicious tingling in my clit as he bent down and sniffed my hair.

"And you smell good enough to eat," he whispered.

My knees were parted, and I felt a cool breeze blowing across the hot lips of my pussy. There was a bulge in his pants that told me I had only a few seconds to make my move before he slipped away.

I went into action, stealthily unplugging my computer with my foot. The screen flashed and went blank.



"Damn," I said, rolling my chair back and looking under my desk. "That plug won't stay in. Would you be a doll and fix it for me?"

Harry grinned and knelt down, fiddling around underneath my desk. From this position, I knew he could look right up my skirt at my bare beaver peeking out.

By the time he sat up, I was ready. I had unbuttoned my blouse halfway, revealing acres of milky-white cleavage.

"Oh, goodie," I cooed, when the computer came back on. "Just one more thing, though: Would you lick this for me?"

I hiked my skirt up and splayed my twatlips with two fingers, letting him see how wet I was inside. With my free hand, I started squeezing my fat tits.

He took a whiff of my over-

heated pussy and licked his lips.

"I shouldn't..." he mumbled, unconvincingly.

"Go ahead, Harry," I whispered. "One little taste can't hurt. You won't really be cheating on your wife."

I lifted my foot and pressed it against the lump in his pants, letting him know that his stiffy was no secret.

Not even Harry could resist a hot pussy less than six inches from his open mouth. He gulped, which made me giggle, and then I cradled his handsome face in my hands and gently drew it to my crotch.

"Eat my pussy and your dick will be even harder for your lucky wife," I purred. Then I smiled in smug satisfaction when I felt his tongue slide between my puffy labia.

I started cumming as soon as his nose touched my clit, and I kept cumming until poor Harry was forced to come up for air. When he did, he was grinning from ear to ear and his face was coated with my hot juice.

There was a lump in his pants the size of my fist, and my pussy was screaming to feel it sliding in and out. That's when I had a brilliant idea.

I wouldn't go for his dick this time. Instead, I'd earn his trust slowly over a few weeks and see how far he'd go. I'd gradually bring him to the point where fucking me seemed like a perfectly reasonable thing to do.



I sent him home to his wife with a boner and a promise that I'd always be available whenever he wanted me. He didn't say anything, but I'm sure he'll be back for more.

If anticipation is half the fun, I'm going to have a ball when Harry finally cums around to my way of thinking.

— Paula A., Fall River, MA

FUCK ME, JACK

Believe it or not, when I asked my neighbor Jack to come over to my house during lunch so that I wouldn't be alone with the

Then he held my leg up to give him access to my twat. I reached between us and crammed his dick inside. We were much too horny to bother with foreplay.



plumber who was scheduled to work on my kitchen sink, I had nothing sexual in mind. Jack is a great-looking guy, but he's married and has always been a perfect gentleman toward me. That didn't stop me from wanting him though.



As we waited for the plumber to show up, we made small talk. Then I caught him checking out my shapely legs, which were crossed beneath the skimpy miniskirt I had on. I reflexively looked down and found that my skirt had ridden up my legs high enough to give him a glimpse of my panties.

I was embarrassed, but I was also turned on by the way he'd looked at me. I quickly checked out the bulge in his pants.

His dick was so hard that I saw the whole thing outlined perfectly against his thin summer slacks. It ignited a fire between my legs that had my pussy moist in no time.

Wanting to alleviate the tension, I decided to call the plumber to find out what was taking so long. I got up and sashayed over to the phone, where I bent over and searched for the number.

That's when it hit me: My skirt was so short that I was now flashing my ass at Jack!

I quickly looked back over my shoulder and caught Jack staring at my taut butt with his mouth hanging open. When our eyes met, he smiled bashfully, his face turning beet-red.

I was so hot by that time that my legs felt like rubber. I had never needed a dick so bad before in all my life.

"Um, could you give me a hand here please? I forgot my glasses," I mewed, lying through my teeth.

Jack said sure and took a deep breath as he got up, looking a bit stiff (no pun intended) as he approached.

I think that by that time we both sensed what was going down, but neither of us was ready to admit it. All of that changed, though, when he was standing right there in front of me. I couldn't take it any longer, so I boldly reached down and copped a feel of his bulging hard-on.

He gasped, recoiling, but I just laughed and hugged him to me. He started to say something, but I shut him up by getting on



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my tippy-toes and brazenly giving him a big smooch on the lips. Jack was terribly conflicted, a fact that was written all over his face. I can't say that I felt too sorry for him, though. A gal wants what she wants.

He stood there as still as a statue, so I kept the ball rolling by undoing his pants and taking hold of his dick.

"Listen," I purred, using my most seductive tone. "While we wait for the plumber to check my pipes, how's about I check yours?"

It was corny, but it sure as heck sounded sexy, and Jack was too aroused to critique my creativity. His cheeks were flushed, his nostrils flaring. He stared into my eyes for a maddeningly steep moment, deliberating. And then, slowly, he nodded.

I swear, if ever I've seen a man ready to shoot off, it was Jack. His obvious excitement had my pussy as wet as the spot on the floor beneath my leaking sink. I was ready for his hard-on, and I had every intention of having it.

Jack's eyes were riveted to me as I got on my knees, managing to hold his gaze as I crammed his boner into my mouth. He grunted as if someone had just hit him in the stomach when I started sucking on his fine hunk of beef.

I could see him trying to modulate his breathing as I started swirling my tongue around his shaft, and he gasped again when I suddenly started groping his balls.



But the kicker was when I put my gag reflexes to good use, deftly deep-throating his hard-on to the root. On instinct, Jack grabbed my head, his voice catching in his throat as his pre-cum streamed down my throat.

After about 10 more minutes of mouth-fucking, I was ready to rock.

"Fuck me, Jack," I panted, gazing up at him as I pulled back from his cock.

He backed off only

to yank my panties down. I took off my top and bent over, bracing myself on a sofa with my ass in the air. I looked back just in time to see him steadyng his hard-on while taking aim at my wet, pink target.

He eased his slab of man-meat into my juicy slit. It took my breath away to feel myself being filled up like never before, and I had to grit my teeth to keep from screaming bloody murder.

I heaved my ass back into him, trying my best to give as good as I got. That was pretty difficult, though, since his heavy thrusts were battering me like a rag doll.

That big, burly fucker was soon knocking me forward with every lunge, making guttural sounds like a wild animal, and God help me I loved every fucking second of it. I was cumming like the dickens inside of five minutes, creaming all over his cock like something had ruptured inside of me.

I continued to hurl my ass back into his thrusts, whimpering pitifully while dousing his thrusting cock with cunt sauce. I have a feeling that Jack might've fucked me all day, but then we heard the sound of a truck pulling into the driveway.

We both froze, and I swore under my breath. I was afraid that Jack was about to pull out before rinsing out my womb with his hot baby batter.

"Don't stop now!" I whined as I kept on slamming my ass back into him.

Truth be told, I didn't really care if the plumber had to wait for me to answer the door. After all, I'd waited on him for about an hour, so a taste of his own medicine would do him good.

Luckily, my urgent gyrations did the trick in a matter of seconds. Jack abruptly went rigid, his pelvic area quivering as I felt a flood of warm, gooey cum filling me. It left me so weak that he had to answer the door for me while I made myself decent for the plumber.

Jack and I never discussed what happened that day. But I'm thinking of inviting him over to wait for the cable guy...

— Gloria S., Hutchinson, KS

PHONE BONE

Can you imagine how tough it is to polish your nails and play with your pussy at the same time? Believe me, I know from years of experience.

It happened to me, but I sure as hell didn't plan it that way. In fact, I decided to polish my nails to keep myself from masturbating.

I'm single and I'd just masturbated three nights in a row. Call it guilt or maybe a test of my own self-control, but whatever the reason, I figured that the best way to keep my fingers out of my pussy was to keep them otherwise engaged.

The problem is that when you can't have something you want, you want it more than ever. Still, I'm not so hooked on masturbation that I couldn't have fought the urge...if my neighbor Ted hadn't called that is.

He'd been trying to get into my panties for more than a month. I already knew that

I'd let him fuck me eventually, of course, but I wanted our teasing little flirtation to last because it was fun. To tell you the truth that was one of the main reasons why I'd been spending so much time with my finger in my juicy slit.

When he called, we just made idle chitchat for a while. When I mentioned that I was polishing my nails to keep my hands occupied, he chuckled knowingly. Even his laugh was sexy to me.

"I can think of much better things you can do with your hands," he whispered.



ERUPTIONS OF LUST

I laughed, calling him a dirty old man.

"That sounds like a problem. My suggestion is that you get a hold of yourself," I teased.

"I'm way ahead of you," he growled. "But still, it seems like a hell of a waste. Why should we touch ourselves when we could touch each other?"

I giggled, picturing him stretched out on his bed with a phone in one hand and his dick in the other. By that time, my hands were shaking so badly that I had to put the bottle of fingernail polish aside to keep from spilling it. That left one hand with wet nails and the other free to explore my moist pussy.

I spread my legs as wide as possible and pulled the crotch of my panties aside, admiring the slick, thick lips of my pussy. My poon was as hot, wet and ready as I've ever seen it. I spread my labes with two fingers and watched a puddle of juice spill from my crevice.

"I wish you could lick my problem while you handle yours," I quipped. As I said it, I moved my finger lightly up and down between my pussylips as if it were a long, pink tongue.

I imagined his big, hairy hand flying up and down his stiff dick as I drove my fingers deep into my pussy.

"I can't stop myself from masturbating," I gushed.

"Join the club," he said. "I was beginning to think that I might wear my poor dick down to the nub from beating off to you."

I laughed, though I didn't dare move my dirty digits, so

close to orgasm that the slightest flick would open the floodgates.

"You know, if you hurry, we can do it together," I suggested. He thought that was a great idea, so we got back to doing the deed.

I listened to about 10 seconds of heavy breathing followed by a very loud grunt. We started talking dirty, and I alternated between telling him what I wanted him to do to me and sucking on my own tits.

As I neared the finish line, I was stuffing three fingers into my pussy, cradling the phone between my head and shoulder.

I could practically feel his throbbing dick deep in my pussy, imagining it blasting boiling jism against my cervix. That got me so worked up that I sucked my tender tits harder and added a fourth finger to my snatch.

It was more than a hot pussy could stand, and in mere minutes I was crying, "I'm cumming, Ted! I'm cumming!"

"Me, too!" sputtered Ted, our conversation dwindling into moans and groans, followed by silence.

Now that's my idea of giving someone a hand!

— Harriet L., Astoria, OR

PLAY PUSSY FOR ME

From the day that my neighbor Cindy heard about these raunchy phone-sex numbers that I'd read about in a girlie mag, it was all she could think about. It turned her on like nothing I've ever told her about before or since, and her reaction had quite an effect on my dick.

Then, on a lazy afternoon about a week after our first conversation about it, I had an epiphany. My palms started to sweat as I dialed Cindy's number.





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When she answered, I went straight into my little act. I gave her a fake credit card number and explained that I wanted a woman to talk "nice" to me.



She was silent at first. It took her a second to register what the hell I was talking about, but then she got with the program.

"What can I do for you today, sir?" she asked, perking up.

"Say something to get me hard," I answered, a lump forming in my pants already.

"Okay, how about we play a little game?" she drawled, her voice now dripping with sex.

"What kind of game?"

"You close your eyes, and I'll give you a present. Then you have to guess what it is by taste."

"Can I take my time?" I asked, catching on.

"If you don't, I'll be very disappointed," she purred.

"Will it be wet?" I asked, my hard-on getting harder by the second.

"You'll find out soon enough. And no peeking," she giggled.

"Can I lie down while I taste my present?"

"Are you hard yet?" she chuckled, playfully ignoring my question.

"I don't know," I lied. "Let me check."

"While you're down there, you should probably give it a few strokes."

I unzipped my pants and watched my dick spring out. The head was purplish and there was a drop of pre-cum clinging to the tip.

"If I shoot off before I guess what you have for me, what happens?" I asked.

"That won't happen, because you'll have a good idea what it is as soon as I straddle your face. You'll feel nothing but my bare thighs on your cheeks."

"Damn. You're good at this. You should do it for a living," I panted.

"Hush please, sir. These calls are \$5.99 per minute, you know. Now then. May I feel your tongue on my clit, please?"

I laughed and licked my lips as a vision of her sizzling beaver appeared in my mind's eye.

"Don't be shy. Go for it," she whispered. "You know you want to. Stroke that big thing of yours while you think about eating my pussy."

"Are you sure this is your first time?" I asked, beginning to jack my stiff dick.

"Who said anything about that, sir? I'm a stranger, remember? Besides, it's not polite to talk with your mouth full," she tittered.

I pictured her fat jugs jiggling from her laughter, as they always did. I was on the verge of shooting my sticky load, and we hadn't even gotten into it yet.

"Now go on and dig in, sir. Taste your present," she cooed. "If I've been a good little girl, you'll make me cum with you. You'll stick your long, wet tongue into my yummy little pussy."

"Mmmm," I hummed, pretending to taste her sopping-wet muff. "Is it always this wet?"

"Only when I see a big, hard dick that should be inside me," she groaned. "In fact, let's do that right now. Do you feel my pussy taking in your big, throbbing dick?"

She had to have taken my enraptured grunting for a yes. As for her, I didn't even have to ask if she was masturbating with me. Her panting had given that much away.

I closed my eyes and pictured her working her middle finger in and out of her piping-hot pussy. Then I came like nobody's business.

I arched my back as a stream of cream fired from my twitching cock and spattered my belly.

"I'm cumming!" I groaned. "Do you feel it?"

"Ooh, yes sir!" she squealed, panting.

I must say, her squealing was pretty authentic. She sounded like she actually felt somebody busting a nut in her twat.

Well, we chatted for a while after we caught our breath, and Cindy went on and on about how much she loved phone sex. I assured her that she could depend on my being a regular "customer."

Let's just hope she never actually charges me. Those sex lines are expensive!

— Frank C., Centerville, OH



TRAVEL CUMPANION

For more than three years, I'd teased my coworker Becky about sneaking out of town on a business trip so I could show her what

raw lust was all about. I could tell from the huskiness in her voice (a tone that she always took whenever I made my suggestions) that the idea turned her on.

Then, about a month ago, she called me out of the blue, breathlessly saying, "Sign up for the accounting seminar next week, and you will not be sorry."

It was an annual refresher course that neither of us was required to attend, but I signed up for it the next day anyway. I told her as much, and she let out a soft groan.

"Let's buy tickets together so we can sit next to each other on the plane," she said.

I was thrilled by this turn of events. Our relationship had always been platonic, but I was hoping that this trip would add a new level of intimacy to our relationship. Either way, spending two nights out of town with a woman who'd been starring regularly in my masturbation fantasies excited me.

We talked and laughed and had a really good time on the flight, but Becky didn't do or say anything that indicated that we were going to fuck. As a matter of fact, I didn't get a clue until late that night.

After a great dinner and some dancing, I walked her to her room. I'll admit that we danced very close and that having her body next to mine gave me a hard-on that was still with me when we reached her door. But she'd given me lots of those over the years, so it was really nothing new. It simply meant that I'd have to jerk off when I got back to my room to relieve the blue balls that dancing with her had saddled me with.

How was I supposed to know that dancing like that had given her a hot pussy and the courage to finally do something about it?

I waited until she unlocked the door and I was about to say good-night when she smiled and caressed my cheek with her dainty hand.

"Not so fast," she whispered. "I think you owe me a demonstration, my dear."

I squinted in disbelief as she drew near and pressed her pouty lips to mine. The tip of her tongue darted quickly in and out of my mouth, titillating me beyond measure.

My dick thumped against my zipper, and the temperature rose perceptibly as she backed up and pulled me into her room. That's when I realized that she had planned everything. The bed was turned down and there was a sheer nightie spread out seductively on top of it.

"Do you want me to model this before or after you show me what out-of-town lust can be like?" she asked, as she picked up the sheer nightie and held it up for me to admire.

"After," I grunted, advancing as I spoke. Becky reached for the top button of her blouse, but I nudged her hand aside.

"Let me," I rasped, more aroused than I'd been in years. "I want to strip you naked and then lick every sweet inch of your body."

She giggled and let her hands fall to her side.

"Your wish is my command, master," she purred, as I peeled the blouse over her shoulders and nuzzled her neck with my lips.

Next, I unhooked her bra and let it join the blouse in a pile at her feet. The skirt came next. My hands were shaking so bad that she had to help me remove her pantyhose. Then we hit the sheets and



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she lay on her back with her legs spread wide while I kept my promise.

I kissed her ankles, and she moaned like I'd kissed her cunt. I kissed the warm flesh behind her knees and she gasped. I kissed the hot flesh of her milky-white thighs and she put her hands on my shoulders. I smelled her arousal. I saw her pussylips, but I avoided that most sensitive area of her squirming body, saving it for last.

I kissed her hipbone, then I paused long enough to blow on her swollen clit before licking her flat tummy until she begged me to stop teasing her. I ignored her, though, proceeding to tongue her nipples until they glistened with my saliva and were standing erect. Next, I kissed her smooth shoulders, then her neck, and finally, her open mouth.

As soon as our lips met, she shoved her tongue into my mouth and pulled me onto her. I was still completely dressed but I could feel the heat from her hot pussy through my pants.

She squirmed, she thrashed, and she whimpered, but I continued to tease her with long, wet kisses while flexing my cock against her pussylips without making any effort to take it out of my pants and give her what she wanted.

"I waited three years for this," I panted, finally reaching down between our heaving bodies and freeing my dick from the tangle of underwear.

As soon as my cock was out of my pants, she squealed and spread her legs even wider so that I could lay my red-hot tool along the length of her white-hot pussy. But still, I didn't let it sink between her folds.

"Tell me you're sorry that you made me wait so long," I said.

It really didn't matter if she said it or not, since the demand was just a way to let me prolong a pleasure that I had desired for years.

"Please," she whimpered. "Don't make me wait. Fuck me!"

It wasn't the answer that I expected, but it would do. I backed off far enough to drive the head of my dick between her pussylips, and then I let my weight drive it home.

She screamed and clawed my back while her entire body vibrated with raw lust. I couldn't believe how tight her pussy was, a soft vise that was moist and velvety. It nearly made me cum on contact, but I flexed my cock in time, narrowly staving off an embarrassing premature ejaculation.

I bottomed out in her womb, plowing into her so hard that her tits bounced violently in all directions. She started breathing heavily, and I commenced a wild pace that had the bedsprings singing to the rafters. It felt so incredible that I didn't know how long I could hold out, but I was damn sure going to give it my all.

Becky bucked her trim hips up at me while clutching at the bedding above her head. I'd broken a sweat in nothing flat and was banging her so hard that I flung droplets of perspiration onto her. The experience of it all was intoxicating. I couldn't believe I was actually fucking my dream girl at long last.



I looked down and admired her beautiful face, feeling a sudden surge of lust so intense that I impulsively withdrew and turned her over onto her flat tummy.

Becky's rosy buns looked absolutely scrumptious, which is what prompted me to swoop down and sink my teeth into their succulent flesh. She squealed loudly enough for the people in the adjoining rooms to hear.

Then I got up onto my knees and grabbed her by the waist, pulling her to her hands and knees and ramming my hard-on back into her airtight pussy. Even though I'd been hammering away for God-knocks-how-long, it somehow seemed even tighter now.

I'd fucked the hell out of her for at least a good hour by now, and so I let myself erupt in her honeypot, gushing so much jism that some of it seeped back out when I withdrew. It was without a doubt the greatest single orgasm of my life, so forceful that it left me weak in the knees.

Becky wasn't quite satisfied, though. Just when I withdrew, that's when she was about to cum.

"Wait!" she cried, gyrating frantically. "Don't pull out now! I'm... I'm cumming!"

She impaled herself on my cock reverse-cowgirl style and bounced up and down, looking like she was having a seizure.

Her cunt released a veritable downpour of nectar that flowed out of her tenderized twat, making a mess of the sheets.

Then I slumped to the bed, wheezing like I'd just run a marathon. Becky collapsed in a heap, her petite body heaving from exhaustion.

We fell asleep in a tangle of arms and legs only to awake with my dick swelling up against her snatch. That was a great wake-up call for both of us. We took our sweet time with this fuck, savoring every sensation to the fullest until finally we had another two-way climax that left us both so groggy that we barely made it to the seminar.

That was the best business trip of my life. And the best part was that I actually got paid for it!

— Tom S., Ocala, FL

JIZZING IN THE GYM

Chelsea and I had been dating for more than a month and I had gotten no further than a quick feel of her tits. The fact that we're both coaches at the same high school only added to my problem. I have to see her sexy body every day in shorts and a T-shirt.

I had all but given up on getting into her panties when I dropped by the gym one evening after a meeting with some parents. The gym was dark, but there was enough light to see that someone was sitting alone on the balance beam.

I walked over to make sure it wasn't one of the students, who weren't supposed to be in there after school hours. Then I realized that it was Chelsea.

She was straddling the beam, wearing nothing except a tank top. Her lower half was bare and her eyes were closed. She had one hand between her parted legs, masturbating, and from the way she was panting, I knew she was ready to cum.

I guess I made a noise because she opened her eyes and blushed.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle you," I said, unable to tear my eyes away from her naked snatch.

"Don't be sorry," she said. "I was thinking about you."

Her hand stopped moving, but her finger was still planted in her gooey groove. She threw one leg over the beam and swiveled around on her bare ass until her cunt was facing me.

I stepped forward until I could smell her scent. The height of the beam was perfect. Her pussy was level with my crotch. I wanted to shove my pecker into her snatch so bad that my whole body was shaking.

"I was thinking about your cock," she said. "I guess it's time I tried the real thing."

"Here?" I said.

"Yes," she answered, hotly. "Before I lose my nerve."

"Maybe I should make sure that you're ready," I gasped, as I leaned forward and tasted her sweet pussy for the first time.

She sucked in her breath and put a hand behind my head, burying my tongue deep in her hole. Cream flowed like syrup, and I lapped it up eagerly while she enjoyed at least three orgasms.

By the time she pushed my face away, my lips were coated with her juice and I could barely catch my breath.

"I'm a virgin," she whispered. "That doesn't bother you, does it?"

"Bother me?" I said. "Hell no!"

She laughed nervously and I stood up. It was then a simple matter to scoot forward and wedge my knob between her swollen labes. She looked into my eyes and bit her lip.

"Do it quickly," she said.

I hunched my hips and drove my stiff dick straight through her cherry. She winced only once, and then her cunt clamped tightly around my cock and rippled with pleasure as I established an in-and-out rhythm that soon had her creaming all over my tool.

I wanted to make it last forever, but her cunt was in complete control. It practically sucked the seed from my balls, and I came so hard that my toes curled. She screamed with each hot spurt, and I continued to shoot until my balls were totally drained.

We staggered from the gym without bothering to change and headed for her apartment, where we made love again in various positions. Once she got started, she just didn't want to stop!

— Don S., Location Withheld



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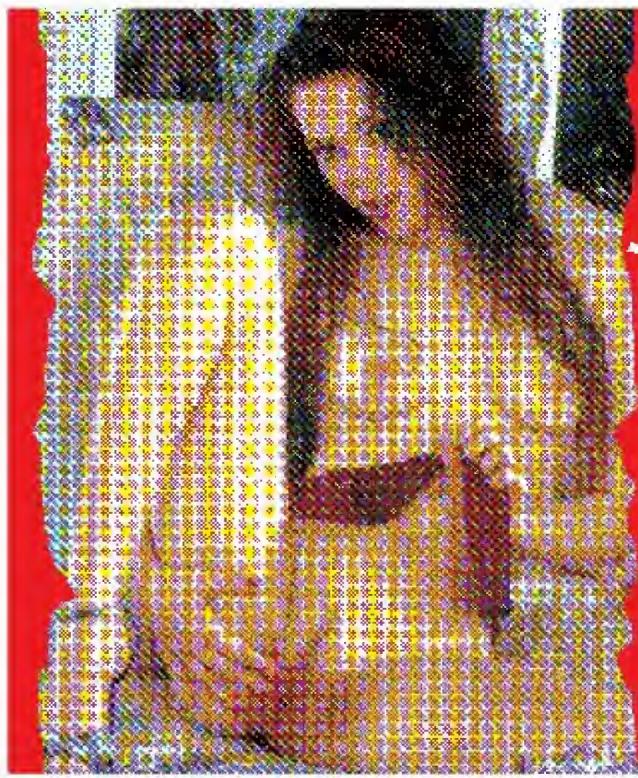
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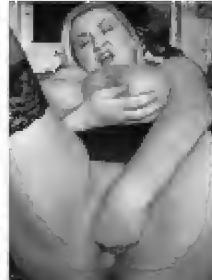


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THREE IS (GOOD) COMPANY

Linda, Carol and I are roommates at a state college, and we get along very well together. We have no secrets from each other. Any one of us can do or say anything, and the others won't be embarrassed by it.

For example, one time I came into the room unexpectedly and found Linda and Carol in bed together. They were naked and sucking each other's pussies in a 69.

They didn't make a fuss about it, and neither did I. Although I hadn't known prior to that that they were fooling around with each



other as well as with their own boyfriends, it was no big deal. In this day and age, only a real prude freaks out about bisexuality.

Another time, Linda came in and caught me stretched out on my bed with my dress pulled up, my panties off and dick-shaped dildo stuffed into my pussy. She asked me if there was anything she could do to help, but I said no. I wondered later what she'd had in mind, and the thought made me horny as hell.

That incident set the scene for what happened last week. Carol and I were in the room studying when Linda barged in, breathless. She was glowing after returning from a date with her current boyfriend, Jeff.

"Something wonderful has happened," she said.

"Jeff fucked the shit out of you?" I asked.

"What else is new?" said Carol with a laugh.

"It's not that. Come over here by my bed," Linda said, sitting on the edge of it.

When we were standing in front of her, she gave us a big grin and trilled, 'Ta-daaaaaa!' Then she threw herself back on the bed, lifting her skirt to the navel.

Both Carol and I stared at her crotch. I'd seen Linda's pussy before (you can't live with a girl and not see it, even if you don't go

out of your way to look) and it had always been crowned by a hairy bush. Now she was shaven clean.

"Well, what do you think?" she asked.

"It's lovely, Linda," Carol said. "It looks really hot."

She wet her lips, as though imagining how Linda's cunt tasted.

"It looks very tidy," I said. "Did you do it yourself?"

"No, Jeff did it," she replied. "He said he was tired of getting hair in his teeth, so he got out the razor and went right at it. Afterward, he ate me out for, like, ever, and then we fucked. I love it. I'm going to keep my pussy shaved from now on. You girls should try it, too."

Carol giggled. "Yeah, we could form our own little sorority. We'll call ourselves 'The Three Muffketeers!'"

Linda and I burst into gales of appreciative laughter, but I really didn't take her suggestion seriously, at least not at the time. I went back to studying, and so did Carol, though it was obvious her mind was on something else.

I discovered what she was thinking about when I awoke in the middle of the night to sounds I couldn't identify at first. As my eyes grew accustomed to the dark, I saw that Carol had waited until I was asleep and had gone over to Linda's bed to have a taste of her shaved pussy.

I didn't let them know I was awake, but I kept my eyes open and watched their naked bodies writhing on the bed. Carol made wet, sucking noises on Linda's cunt, and Linda made some mewling and moaning sounds in return.

It was sexy as hell, and I couldn't resist snaking a hand into my pajama bot-toms, running my fingers through my pubic hair on their way to my pussy. I rubbed my slit and clitoris, getting myself as aroused as my two roomies.

I'd never had sex with a girl, and now I wondered what it would be like to lick another's pussy and to have another girl lick mine. I'd been eaten out by plenty of guys, but none of them ever seemed to have as much patience for it as I wanted them to.

Across the room, Linda was groaning and thrusting her bare box at Carol's face, enjoying each lick along the way. When she came, I had an orgasm right along with her, biting my lip so I wouldn't make a sound. Then, totally exhausted, I fell asleep.

The next morning, I woke up to see Linda with a bowl of warm water, a can of shaving cream, and a razor ready to shave off Carol's pubic hair. Completely naked, Carol was lying on the bed with her legs spread, not the least embarrassed by any of it.

"You're just in time for the unveiling," Linda said with a smile. "Do you want me to do you next?"

I started to say, "No, thanks." Instead, I said, "Let me think about it a little."

I hadn't intended to watch, but the room wasn't big enough for me to ignore them. So I watched the process with fascination.



First, Linda applied the wet lather, then she started carefully scraping off the hair with the razor. Linda did a good job on Carol's crotch, shaving off the pubes as expertly as though she'd been doing it all her life.

I had never really noticed the girls' pussies until now, but with all that hair gone, I noticed every detail. Before, Carol's pubic hair had overwhelmed her pussy, but now that the hair was gone the pussy stood out as the star attraction.

Carol's twat looked very pretty, with the soft folds of her outer lips pliant and pink. I wondered what it would be like to kiss those cuntlips and to lick the wet groove between them. I felt my own pussy tingle as I thought of it!

I was beginning to like the idea of shaving my snatch. I knew my boyfriend would like the idea, too!

When Carol's crotch was fully shaved, Linda cleaned and dried it. Carol ran the palm of one hand between her legs and squealed, "Oooh, it feels so sensitive! How does it look?"

"It looks good enough—" Linda started, then looked at me.

"—to eat," I finished automatically, then blushed.

"It feels nice, Julie," Carol said to me, as she continued to rub her crotch. "Are you sure you don't want to have yours done?"

"OK, I'll do it," I said.

Then he held my leg up to give him access to my twat. I reached between us and crammed his dick inside. We were much too horny to bother with foreplay.

I undressed and took my turn on the bed. It didn't faze me that I was stark naked with my legs spread in front of these two girls. After all, there are no secrets between roommates.

Then it began to excite me as they moved in closer to look at my most intimate parts. When Linda lathered me up and began the shaving process, I had to work hard to subdue the shudders that ran through my body.

I had the feeling Linda could have shaved me faster, but she seemed to enjoy taking her time with it. I didn't mind. I liked having her and Carol looking at my pussy up close with admiration in their eyes.

The way Carol wet her lips with her tiny pink tongue gave me some more chills. My pussy got warm and wet, and it wasn't from the lather. When I was shaved, rinsed and dried, Linda held a hand mirror in front of my crotch so I could see it.

"Not bad," I declared.

"Not bad? It's beautiful!" Carol corrected.

She seemed to be in a trance as she moved closer and closer. Linda and I both stared at her, not knowing what to do.

Then her lips touched my pussy, and she began licking it like a wild woman! I'd be lying if I said this wasn't exactly what I wanted to happen.

Things soon got even better. After a moment, Linda shrugged and joined her roommate in the impromptu feast between my legs where they proceeded to feast.

Having one girl lick my shaved pussy was marvelous. Having two do it at the same time was unbelievable!

I had an orgasm, and then another and another. Before long the three of us were completely naked and rolling around on the bed. I squeezed tits, sucked nipples, caressed asses and licked pussies—and I loved every minute of it!

It was so much fun that I almost decided to become a full-fledged lesbian, but I thought better of it. I wanted to see the look on my boyfriend's face when he saw my shaved pussy!

— Julie K., Boston, MA



HAIRLESS HOTIE

I'm a 20-year-old coed from upstate New York. My folks wanted me to stick around home for the summer and work as a cashier in Dad's store. But I wanted something more adventurous, like going out to California and staying with my friend Sheila, who'd moved out to L.A. a year earlier.

When I talked to her on the phone, she was kind of vague about what she did for a living. But she said there were plenty of jobs around and I could stay with her for the summer, rent-free, if I wanted to.

I leapt at the chance. A budget flight brought me to LAX, where Sheila met me.

She looked great. She was tanned, had nice clothes, drove a new car and lived in a plush apartment. On the ride to her place, she told me her new occupation.

"You're going to find out anyway, so I might as well tell you," she said. "I'm working in porn."



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I was a little startled by her confession, but not as much as when she added, "If you're looking for a summer job that pays well, I could throw a little business your way."

"I—I don't think so," I said.

But then I started looking around for a job, and all

I was qualified to do was work in a fast-food place for very little money. Some of the managers of the places looked at me as though one of my duties would be getting fucked by their greasy cocks.

Sheila's offer started to look more tempting, especially when I saw some of her costars and how hot they were. When they looked at me in that certain way, my pussy got warm and wet because I knew what they were thinking—and I liked the idea! Frankly, I wouldn't have minded fucking some of them for free.

There was one guy in particular, a man I'll call Brad, whose X-ray glances made me tingle all over. Sheila told me Brad had the hots for me and wanted to have sex with me in a scene or not. Heck, I'd done it for nothing with guys that I liked a lot less than I liked Brad!



Sheila didn't seem surprised by my decision to become an actress, too. I guess she knew I'd come around to her way of thinking. After all, I liked getting fucked. If I could get paid for enjoying myself, why not?

"Just one thing, though," Sheila said. "You'll have to shave your pussy."

I didn't have to think long about it. I wanted to earn some loot, and I hadn't been laid in a while. This would be a good way to satisfy both urges at the same time. Besides, it's not like a girl shaving her pussy is a big deal nowadays.

I'd never shaved myself before, so Sheila volunteered to do it. Frankly, I was a little embarrassed exposing myself in front of another girl, even a friend like Sheila, but she soon made me feel at ease by removing her own clothes and letting me see her naked.

She had a fuller body than mine, and there was a pretty good covering of public hair in her crotch. It was a somewhat darker blond color than her hair.

While the sight of her snatch distracted me, she lathered me up and whisked off my pubes quickly and efficiently.

When she was finished, she stared at my crotch and said, "Brad is going to have the time of his life with you, honey."

Impulsively, she planted a wet kiss directly on my pussylips. If I'd been wearing boots, I'd have jumped right out of them! I realized it was just a friendly gesture. It also felt quite nice.

My first scene was going to be with Brad. We met in a hotel suite where the scene was going to be shot, but when I got there, there were no cameras or crew. Brad admitted her wanted me all to himself and asked if that was okay. I smiled and said sure.

Brad looked me over from head to toe told me he liked my body and wanted to see more of it. "Sheila tells me you're shaved," he said.

"I'm as bald as an eagle," I admitted.

He smiled warmly. "And twice as tasty, I'll bet. I have a thing for shaved cooze."

I knew just what thing he had for it: that big hunk of meat in his crotch. I enjoyed the light banter, because it delayed the inevitable.

Way down deep, I couldn't really believe I was actually doing this. I'd been fucked by plenty of guys, but this was my first time with a stranger.

"You seem a bit nervous," Brad said.

"This is my first time," I said.

He arched an eyebrow. "You're a virgin?"

I laughed. "Hardly. No, this is my first time as a pro. I hope you don't mind."

"Mind? Are you kidding? I love the idea of being your first. I'll be gentle, I promise."

He set his drink down on the coffee table, rose, and said, "Shall we?"

His soothing demeanor made my nervousness disappear. He led me into the unoccupied bedroom and closed the door. He held me close and kissed me. I shivered, but it was with excitement, not anxiety.

His hands moved gently over my buns, fondling and squeezing them. When he pulled me tight against him, I felt his hardening cock against my mound.

He stepped back and in a hoarse voice said, "Undress."

The authority in his voice made my inhibitions vanish. I stripped, aware of his appraising eyes on me.

I watched him, too, as he removed all his clothes. He had a nice body and a long, thick cock that was already half hard.

I stepped in close and kissed him, reaching between us so I could run my hands under his balls and up along his shaft. It twitched against my palm and got harder.

"I want to suck your shaved pussy," he told me.

I lay back on the big bed and spread my thighs. He stood in front of me for a moment, stroking his cock and staring at my naked crotch. Then he sank to his knees and leaned forward.

An instant later, I felt him kissing my inner thighs and licking a wet path around my pussy before digging into it. I'd had guys lick my pussy before, but now it felt much more sensitive and responsive without any hair to get in the way.



Brad really got into it, his tongue fluttering up and down my slit faster and faster. I think I had my first orgasm about 30 seconds after he started in on me!

That pleased him a lot! He climbed on the

bed, and we moved into a 69 position with him on top. As his tongue buried into my pussy again, I held his cock in one hand and licked all over it. When it was nice and wet, I let him plunge it into my mouth and fuck it as if it were a pussy.

Before he got too excited, he lifted himself and spun around to stick his cock between my legs. He enjoyed watching his long hunk of meat slide into my hairless snatch. The entire time we were having sex, he stared down at it.

"You have the prettiest pussy ever," he told me. "I love the way your pink lips stretch around my shaft."

I was having fun, too. His cock felt great in my pussy, and his compliments made it even better. I almost had the feeling that I should be the one paying him!

After I came, he started pumping furiously, bringing himself to the brink of orgasm. Then he pulled his prick out at the last second and splattered my bald beaver with cum. He loved the way his sperm filled all of my nooks and crannies. He rubbed his knob through my cream-covered cunt, and when he mashed it against my clit, I orgasmed again.

That was the beginning of my new life. I never did go back to college at the end of the summer. I'm getting all the education I need at the school of hard cocks!

— Summer G., Los Angeles, CA

BARE BOX, BALD BALLS

"I will if you will," Monica said.

I laughed. "Don't be silly. Men don't shave their pubes. That's for women."

"Well, this woman isn't going to shave hers unless this man does, too!"

I was going to tell her to forget it, but then I wondered what would be the harm. It might even be interesting. Besides, all the male porn stars did it, and look at all the ass they got.

In any case, it would be worth it to get Monica to shave her snatch. Not that there was anything wrong with a hairy pussy. I just thought it would be hot. Monica didn't have all that much anyway. A natural blonde, she had wisps of soft pubic hair above and around her pussy.

When I made my request, we'd just finished fucking. Before that, I'd gone down on her, and she'd twisted around to put us in a 69.

While she was working her mouth over my stiff prick, I was kissing and licking her tender pussy, lapping up her juices as they flowed. Monica gets wetter than any other girl I've ever been with, and her hair was quickly matted with the sweet, sticky substance. That was when I thought about the shaving bit.

Then, as I mentioned, we fucked. I slid my prick deep into her pussy and stroked until we'd both had orgasms. Afterwards, we did some more licking and sucking, and her hair was sticky and matted all the more, this time with my jizz as well as her secretions. I thought about how much neater it would be if her cunt were bald.

"Should we try it?" she prompted. "What do you say?"

I shrugged. "Sure. Let's go into the bathroom and do it."

She followed me into the bathroom and sat on the toilet seat.

"We'll do you first," she said. "I don't want you to back out after you get what you want."

I was a little peeved that she didn't trust me, but I let it pass. I took a razor and a can of shaving cream from the cabinet and handed them to her.

"Be careful," I said. "I've got some extremely delicate equipment down there."

"Don't worry," she assured me. "I don't want to see it injured any more than you do."

She giggled, but I didn't think it was that funny. I was just doing this to humor her, not because I really wanted a hairless crotch. I figured it would probably grow back pretty fast, though.

She started in by scooping up warm water in her hands and soaking my pubic area. Then she squirted foam all over my crotch and rubbed it in with her fingers. Well, of course, the combination of the warm soapy water and her hands touching my prick and balls started get-ting me hard.

"Oh good," she joked. "If it's a little stiff, it'll be out of the way from danger."

"Maybe you could give it a lick now and then," I suggested, "so it stays up."

Monica just smiled and took out the razor. Starting at the edges, she proceeded to shave my crotch, holding my stiffening prick off to the left and then off to the right. Then she pressed it down to keep it out of the way as she got rid of the last clump of bush.

I took it all like a man, but I did flinch slightly when she shaved my balls. She was very gentle, though, and careful, too.

When she was through, she took a washcloth, soaked it with warm water,





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and applied it to my genital area, gently rubbing off the remnants of foam clinging to the shaved skin. That in itself felt damn good.

"So how does it look?" I asked.

"Beautiful," she said. "And very sexy."

She then proved how sexy it was by kissing the places she'd just shaved, moving her wet lips along either side of my stiff prick in a way that had me throbbing almost uncontrollably.

When she planted a stream of kisses on my naked balls, I thought I'd go through the roof! Then she licked her way up my shaft and placed my cockhead between her lips and sucked. She slowly let my length slide deep into her throat while her fingertips teased the underside of my hairless balls.

I was already pretty worked up, and this sent me over the top. I held her head in my hands and pumped a load of cum down her throat.

That was a lot of fun, but we had other business to transact. I let her remain seated on the toilet seat but with her legs spread. Her pussy was soaking-wet, so I simply applied a mountain of lather to the area and let it soak for a moment before starting in with the razor.

I'd never shaved a girl down there before (or anyplace else, for that matter) so I took it slow and easy. I knew that if I so much as nicked her, I wouldn't be getting any pussy for a long time.

I did a good job, though, and in a few minutes, every hair on her crotch was gone. When I was through, she asked me how it looked.

"It's the hottest thing I've ever seen," I replied.

I couldn't wait to get my mouth on it. I French-kissed her warm, damp, naked cunt, tonguing her slit with slow, deep thrusts. All that touching had primed her for orgasm, and it came suddenly, accompanied by a lot of squealing and screeching. I had to hold onto her hips with both hands to keep her from falling off the toilet!

When she had calmed down, we went into the bedroom and stood side by side in front of the dresser mirror to examine our newly shorn groins. My cock actually looked longer without pubes, and Monica's pussy looked incredible. My prick was starting to get hard again, a signal for us to get on the bed for more fun and games.

When I climbed on top of her, she helped me ease the tip of my prick between her beautifully bald pussylips. They felt softer and

smoother now, and even the fucking seemed better. At least it was different, and as everyone knows, variety is the spice of life.

Monica likes her shaved pussy and will keep it. As for me, I'm going to let my bush grow back. After all, what would the guys in the locker room at the gym say?

— Ernie K., Gary, IN

HORNY HAIRCUT

Maurice nearly fell off his stool when I told him what I wanted. He was busy doing my hair at the time, and he paused and stared at me with that look on his pretty face that wondered if he'd heard correctly.

Hairdressers aren't noted for their intense masculinity, and Maurice fit the stereotype pretty well. He was handsome in an effeminate way, with a little black goatee, a mop of curly black hair and plucked eyebrows.

Maurice leaned forward confidentially, whispering, "Sweetie, are you serious? You really want me to shave your, um...nether-regions? Isn't that something you ladies do at home?"

"I'd do it myself," I told him, "but I wouldn't want to cut myself. I'd prefer it to be done by a professional. You will do it for me, won't you?"

Maurice smiled. "Anything for my favorite customer."

So we made an appointment for 9:30 that night when the shop would be closed and he and I would

be the only ones in the place. It occurred to me that one of my boyfriends would be happy to do it. But I didn't trust them because they got so excited when they saw my pussy. That clearly would not be a problem with Maurice.

I went home and took a refreshing bubble bath. I didn't have all that much hair down there, but I'd always wanted to try it completely bare. It had always seemed kind of sexy to me. Besides, when I masturbated, sometimes the hair got in the way of my finger or my dildo.

In the tub, I slid my hand down over my belly and into the water until I got to my pussy. I stuck a finger in my wet slit and moved it in and out. It was exciting and relaxing at the same time. I had three orgasms, one right after the other.

My day passed quickly, and before I knew it the time was 9:30 and I was tapping on the glass door of the beauty salon. Maurice hurried to let me in. Making sure the front door was locked



securely, he led me into the back room away from prying eyes and sat me in an armchair that tilted back.

Maurice smiled and said, "Let's get to work, shall we?"

I lifted my skirt and pulled off my panties, then draped my legs over the arms of the chair. It was the classic position a woman gets into for an examination by her gynecologist. It wasn't until I was in that position that I realized what a peculiar thing I was doing.

Maurice got down to his knees and stared right at my naked crotch. I shuddered involuntarily as I felt his smooth fingers brushing my hair.

I blushed as he said, "You have very nice pubic hair, very soft."

"I'd still like it shaved off, if you please," I told him.

"Of course," he said.

He continued his examination of my muff, and in so doing, his fingers grazed my pussy in a way that had me quivering. I'd masturbated earlier that day, so my pussy was already primed.

I was sure that Maurice wasn't aware that his fingers excited me. After all, what did an obviously gay man like him know about arousing a woman?

Then he produced a comb and a pair of scissors. He proceeded to trim my pubes as close to the skin as he dared. To steady himself, his hands rested on my inner thighs, and he was so close that I felt his hot breath on my pussylips.

I underwent a momentary impulse to grab his head and slam his face closer to my crotch, yelling, "Lick my pussy, Maurice!" But, of course, I didn't. Such an action would undoubtedly have sent the poor guy rushing out into the street to get away from me.

Still, by the time he'd finished the trim and was sharpening his straight razor, I was just as turned on as though I'd been masturbating. I'd thought the hair removal would be a simple business. I hadn't counted on getting sexually excited by it.

I was so horny, I almost jumped when he applied the first bit of lather to my crotch. Maurice apologized, thinking it was too cold, and I almost thought he was going to press his lips to it to make it better. At that stage in the game, I wouldn't have minded if he had!

When I assured him that the lather was not too cold, he continued applying it. Then he picked up his straight razor and began

shaving away the short hairs remaining in my pubic area and down around my pussy. He had to hold the lips to one side for safety, and the touch of his fingers sent new chills through my body.

Oh Maurice! I thought. If only you weren't gay!

The handsome hairdresser finished with the razor and applied a warm towel to the area to clean off the remaining lather. A soft dry towel followed to remove the dampness.

Then he was through, but he didn't get up from his knees. His pretty face was intense as he stared at my pussy like a man in a trance.

"Forgive me," he said. "But your pussy is so cute that I can't resist!"

Maurice surprised the hell out of me by raining wet kisses all around my pussy and then licking my slit over and over again. I was indignant for about half a second until I remembered this was something I'd been fantasizing about only a minute earlier. I think what surprised me most was the realization that he wasn't gay after all!

Then I stopped thinking altogether. I was too busy enjoying the sensations that shot through me as one orgasm after another wracked my body. I was moaning so loudly that I was glad we were alone in the beauty shop. Otherwise, people would have been scurrying in to see who was being murdered in the back room.

My final orgasm was beginning to subside when Maurice looked up at me with a smile. He rose to his feet, unzipped his pants, pulled out his stiff cock and held it in my face.

He didn't have to say a word to let me know what he wanted. Maurice was full of surprises. His cock was long and thick and very tasty looking. My mouth watered for it.

I leaned forward and took his rod in hand, guiding it to my tongue. I proceeded to lick the tip of it so teasingly that it was Maurice's turn to do some sighing and moaning.

I kissed it all over and sucked it with gusto and pleasure. Then I leaned back and raised my legs again and told him to fuck me.

He stuck his cock in my pussy and pumped it with steady strokes. When he got more excited, he thrust his raging pecker into my bouncing cunt at top speed. Having no hair on my snatch made it feel so sensitive that I came in no time.

Maurice was right on my heels, shooting his gunk in my climaxing cunt as I cried out his name.

That was some of the hottest sex I'd ever had. And to think I thought Maurice was gay. I guess you can't judge a book by its cover.

— Alice J., Dover, DE

SHEAR PLEASURE

Everybody has his or her favorite kink. Mine is shaving girls' twats. I'm constantly on the prowl for hairy hotties who'll let me take a razor to their bushes.

Last night, I went to a bar and picked up a girl named Norma. I was thrilled when I went home with her and found that she had a plush carpet of hair between her legs.

When I offered to shave her, she looked at me like I was nuts. "You've got to be kidding!" she said.





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"I'm dead serious, baby," I replied. "I'd love to eat your pussy, but only if you let me shave it first."

"I suppose you brought along your razor, too," she said. I reached into my jacket pocket and brought out a razor and a small can of shaving cream. I enjoyed seeing the way her jaw dropped.

"Gee, I don't know," she said. "Have you had any experience at this? I mean, I'm awfully tender down there."

I gave her a reassuring grin. "I've done this hundreds of times. The girls all thanked me for it," I said. "Everybody knows there's nothing sexier than a nice clean pussy."

"Okay," she said. "Maybe it'll be fun."

I jockeyed her into position on the edge of a chair. Then I took out a pair of scissors. She looked a little surprised when she saw them.

"You carry those around with you?" she said. "You do this a lot."

"It's kind of my thing," I admitted. "Now relax. You're in good hands."

She settled back while I knelt between her outstretched legs. She had nice legs, very shapely. Seeing them spread this way made my prick start to harden.

Norma had a nice vag, too, but it was almost hidden in the wiry tangle of pubic hair. I moved my face in close and examined her hairy crotch with interest. The musky odor hit my nose like some kind of sexy perfume. She shook with pleasure as I rubbed my palm over her crotch. "Mmmmm, that feels real good," she murmured.

"It'll feel better when you don't have all this hair in the way," I promised.

"Just be careful with those scissors," she warned.

I gently started in with the scissors, snipping away at the hair and brushing it away with my hand as it came off. She might have been apprehensive about the snipping, but she sure enjoyed the brushing. Her snatch got warm and sticky.

Next, I applied the lather and let it sink into the short hairs. Then out came the razor, and I started whisking off the hair, taking care to be very gentle so I wouldn't irritate her tender skin.



I swear that doing this is almost as much a turn-on for me as having sex with a girl! By this time my prick was ready for action. I shaved off her triangle of hair completely and then made my way around her pussylips—until her crotch was totally hairless.

"Got a hand mirror?" I asked.

"What? You don't have one in your pocket?"

"It's in my other coat," I joked.

"There's one in the bedroom," she said.

I made a dash for the bedroom and returned with a small mirror, which I held between her legs so she could see my handiwork.

"Hey, that looks great!" she said. "You're good at this! I'm never paying for a bikini wax again!"

Her naked pussy looked delectable. I stuck my face between her legs and started kissing and licking her freshly-shaved cunt, and my enthusiasm showed. Norma giggled and squirmed as I showered devotion on her bare snatch.

Norma began breathing heavily as I dipped my tongue into her hole. Her legs twitched uncontrollably, and she lifted her ass from the chair and humped her crotch frantically against my mouth. She had a violent orgasm that way, showering my face with snatch syrup.

I rose to my feet and hauled out my stiff prick, saying, "Now let's fuck."

She wasted no time in wrapping her lips around my knob. She worked on it as though she hadn't had a piece of meat like this in a long while. She really gobbled it up. I guess the shaving and the licking had put her in the mood.

I didn't want to cum in her mouth, though—not when there was that hairless snatch waiting for me. I yanked my log out from between her lips and eased her back in the chair. She knew what I wanted, so she spread her thighs to accommodate me, with her snatch quite out in the open now and ready for my first plunge.

I stood there for a second looking down at her naked cunt, admiring my work.

The lips of her snatch were tender folds with beads of moisture on them that glistened. Beautiful! I'd done a real good job on Norma, and I hoped she appreciated it.

For a moment I just rubbed my prick along her pussy, savoring the sensations as I went up and down and back and forth. It felt good to have her bare flesh touching my prick, without any nasty hair to tickle and scratch.

My teasing was making her more eager to fuck, so I spread her labes with my fingers. Then I had her guide the head of my prick into the opening. I slowly sank in all the way, after which she clamped her legs around my body and we began fucking.



With no hair to get in the way, my thrusts were nice and smooth. I just glided in and out, fucking hard. She did a lot of moaning and I did a lot of grunting.

After a while, I stiffened, rammed my prick all the way in, and let go with a gush of jism that sprayed her insides with warm goop.

I kept my crank in her for a little while afterward to catch my breath. When I pulled it out, she said, "I didn't cum that time."

"I can fix that," I said.

I put my face between her legs again. Her snatch was soggy with her juices and mine, but that didn't stop me. I was glad there wasn't any hair there now. Hair and juices are a messy combination.

I kissed her inner thighs, working my way around and into her snatch. She did a lot more squirming and squealing, and when she came, she came big! I had to hold onto her hips to keep my tongue in contact with her twat.

Norma loved her new look, and she begged me to come back the following week and shave her again. I wasn't interested, though. I'd rather just find myself another girl with a big bush to shave off. That's how I get my kicks!

— Andy B., Binghamton, NY

RAUNCHY REALTY

Even after 12 years of marriage, I still consider my husband Stan the best fuck on the planet. But nothing that we had done before prepared me for what happened last weekend while we were shopping for a new home.

SHAVE ONE FOR ME

A female real estate agent named Cassie who thought that we could afford a much bigger house than our meager budget would allow was driving us around. We were inside a real mansion when she suggested that Stan and I look around while she went out to her car and called another client from her cell.

We wandered into a bedroom on the second floor and I couldn't believe my eyes. One entire wall was a mirror. I walked over to it and did a little bump and grind for my husband's benefit. He gave me an appreciative wolf whistle.

I was feeling pretty sexy, so I put my hands on the glass and bent over so that he would get a good shot of my ass when my short skirt hiked up. I could see everything he was doing in the mirror as he gaped at me and gave his crotch a squeeze.

"I'll bet we could have fun in here," I teased as I wriggled my bottom for my horny man.

He moved forward and kneaded my ass. I was wearing a thong, so my buns were fully exposed to his hands.

"I could sneak up behind you and slip your panties off—like this," he gasped, as he pulled my undies down and slipped his hand in between my parted legs.

"We can't," I whimpered weakly, as one of his fingers glided along my freshly shaven slippery slice. "Cassie's gonna catch us."

Stan leaned over and looked out the window.

"I can see her car," he said as he rocked my clit from side to side with his thumb. "She's still on the phone."

I heard him unzip his fly, and then I felt his bare dick slide between my legs. His fat mushroom cap brushed against my clit as he ran the length of his dick through my wet slit. It not only felt fantastic, but being able to see his dick in the mirror added to the thrill.

Now my pussy was on fire. My man knew what I wanted, and he pushed his cock into my swollen cooze.

"What's she doing now?" I asked, remembering that we could be interrupted at any second.

"She's still yakking on the phone," he chuckled.

"Really?" I asked.

"Yeah, she must be talking to her boyfriend or something," he said. "She's yelling into the phone. I think they're fighting."

I pushed back against my guy's fabulous dick again and again, letting it penetrate my quivering hole until I felt his balls smack my ass. He grabbed my hips and pumped my pussy while I had a series of orgasms that left me weak in the knees.

When he reached his peak, he cried out and filled my womb with goop until it was dribbling. Then he pulled out quickly and zipped his pants.

It was not a second too soon, because I barely had time to pull up my panties before Cassie walked into the room. She looked upset and disheveled, as if she had something to hide herself, so she didn't ask us what we'd been doing in there.

We didn't buy the house, but since it's still on the market, we've talked about visiting it again for old times' sake.

— Rita W., Hammond, IN

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A020

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A037

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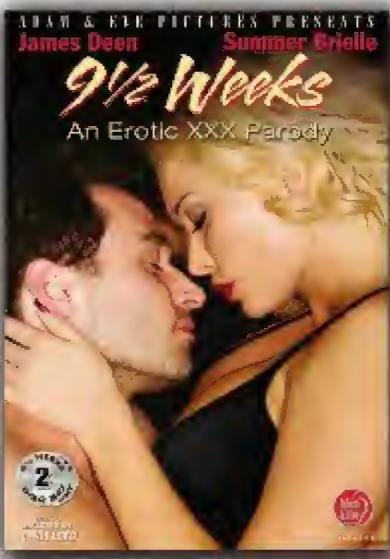
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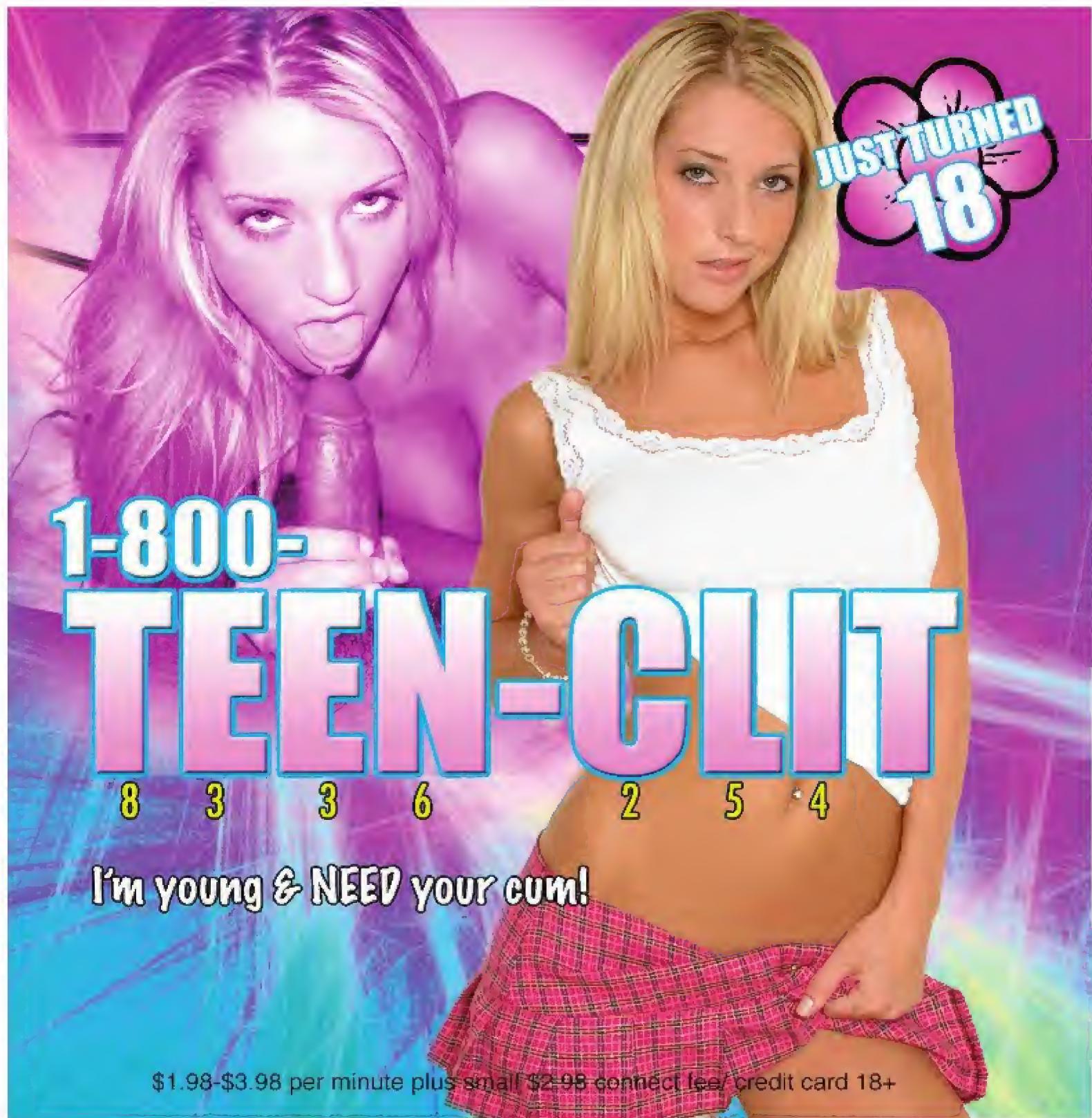
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HEAD INSTRUCTOR

"No, darling, start here," I said to Kevin, the eager young man kneeling between my legs.

He lifted his head and looked at me. His naked, muscular body was covered with a fine sheen of sweat. His dark hair was tousled from all the kissing and fondling we'd been doing.

You see, I'm a sexy divorcee in her sexual prime, and I take it upon myself to share my knowledge with all the handsome young men in the neighborhood. As soon as they turn 18, I invite them over to my place to show them the ropes.

Kevin needed some help with his cunt-lapping skills. He thought he was supposed to dive in headfirst, but I wanted to show him that there was a lot more to it than that.

"Where?" he gasped.



"Start up here," I explained as I guided his mouth to my swollen breasts.

As I talked him through it, he began kissing my tits, starting from the lower swells and working his way up to my nipples. He started running his tongue around each one, and by the time he sucked the rigid points into his mouth, I was almost too excited to talk.

I guided his mouth down my arm where he licked my inner arm and tongued the palm of my hand. He caught on quickly as he ran his tongue intimately between my fingers and then sucked on them.

"Don't forget to use your hands," I whispered.

He did as I asked, squeezing and kneading my ass before switching to a light, teasing stroke on my inner thighs.

"You're wet," he croaked when the back of his hand brushed against my bush.

Of course I was wet. I was almost ready to explode, but I knew it would be much better if we took our time.

A gentle push on his head sent him kissing and licking lower. He dipped his hot tongue into my navel, making both of us moan.

Following my whispered instructions, he ran his nose through my dark pubes. The feeling of his hot breath stirring my cunt hair nearly took my breath away. Somehow, I managed to tell him to ease my thighs apart with his hands.

"Now spread my pussylips," I told him.

He did just that, splaying my labes with his fingers. He lightly ran his fingers up and down the length of my slit, spreading my flowing juices around. Suddenly, he inhaled deeply and moaned at the scent of my heat.

"Start licking my thighs," I instructed. "Work your way up to my pussy."

Again, he did as he was told, and by the time he reached my snatch, it was all I could do to sit still. I wanted nothing more than to feel his tongue inside me, to feel his lips on my clit.

"You can kiss it now," I told him breathlessly.

And that was exactly what he did. It was a gentle kiss at first, with his tongue darting here and there, tentatively tasting me. Then his tongue wormed its way between my swollen cunt lips and into my snug channel. My juices were pouring and I could hear him slurping them up as quickly as he could.

His nose bumped my clit and I lost control, jerking my legs apart and shuddering through a series of mini-cums while holding onto his head with both hands.

He loved my reaction. Turning all his attention to my clit, he circled the swollen nub with his tongue, making me groan and work my hips faster. Then he tickled the end of it with his tongue, exciting me even further.

"Suck it!" I grunted.

He did so, taking my bloated bulb into his mouth and flicking it. My climax was building, subsiding and building again.

"Fuck my pussy with your fingers," I gasped.

He worked two fingers into my hungry hole and began pumping them in and out to match my upward thrusts.

The fingers filled me nicely and he shoved them deeper, finally scratching the itch inside me. My climax crested and threatened to overtake me. I could hear him moaning while he sucked my clit. My juices squished noisily as his fingers pistonned in and out of my pussy.



"Don't stop!" I pleaded. And then I heard my own guttural cries of release as I stiffened and came.

When I returned to reality, my young lover was licking me clean.

"You are, without a doubt, my best student yet," I told him.

Pulling him to me, I kissed his shiny wet lips and licked my juices off his mouth. His giant cock was thumping against my belly, and he pressed it against me.

"I have the perfect reward for your fine performance," I told him, hungry to taste his spunk.

He groaned as I slid down his torso, kissing his chest and rippled stomach. Then I captured the end of his dick in my mouth, flicked my tongue back and forth across it, making him gasp with pleasure.

In seconds, he was holding my head with both hands and fucking my mouth wildly. I found his very full balls and squeezed them gently. With a muffled grunt, he came, showering my tonsils with his delicious jism.

I kissed Sue's creamy breasts and sucked her nipples until she was moaning steadily. Then I eased her back onto the bed and began kissing my way down her flat belly.

By the time my breath stirred her damp, tangled bush, she was writhing around like a snake. I pushed her thighs farther apart, loving the sight of her pink folds and her little clit.

Jack was watching closely. Sweat beaded on his forehead, and he kept squeezing his crotch. He was breathing hard and licking his lips repeatedly.

Suddenly, I wanted to suck his dick. I'd been with men before, and normally, I prefer "innies." That night, however, I had a longing for an "outtie."

Sue was a natural born lesbo, and I wasn't sure how she was going to react to my sudden hunger for cock, but I was willing to give it a try.

Sucking on Sue's erect clit really hard sent her to a higher level

Then he held my leg up to give him access to my twat. I reached between us and crammed his dick inside. We were much too horny to bother with foreplay.



I love teaching young men about sex because my students always enjoy doing their homework!

— Lorna D., Denver, CO

DICKSUCKING LESBIANS

It all began one night when our new neighbor, Jack, found out that Sue and I were lesbians. He'd just moved into the neighborhood and we'd invited him over for some cocktails to get to know him.

"Man, I'd like to see you two go at it," Jack said, making no move to hide his hard-on.

I looked at Sue and she looked at me and shrugged.

"I could use some of your tongue," she said, licking her lips.

"I have always enjoyed an audience," I concurred.

In the bedroom, Jack took a seat on a chair beside the bed and watched while the two of us undressed each other.

of excitement and a quick look at her face, told me she was in La La Land. Her eyes were closed and she had given in completely to the moment.

Keeping the pressure on her clit, I motioned for Jack to come to me. When he realized what I wanted him to do, he replaced me easily, going down on her. We never missed a stroke, so Sue didn't even notice that we'd made the switch.

Slowly, I moved lower on the bed, unzipped his pants and hauled out his mighty meat. It was beautiful, long and thick with a fat knob. As I began kissing it, then licking my way up and down his shaft, I could hear Sue going crazy on the end of his tongue.

"So good!" she groaned as her ass bounced around on the bed. "God, you suck me so good!"

From my position, I could see Jack's tongue slithering in and out of her pussy like a fat, red worm. He was brushing his thumb across her clit to match his stroking tongue. Her juices were pouring down her slit to the bed, the muscles of her legs bunching and tightening as she worked toward her orgasm.



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I returned my attention to Jack's dick. It was shiny wet by now, throbbing steadily in my hands. Making a tight ring of my lips, I capped them over the end of his dong and slid them downward. His grunts were muffled by Sue's pussy, but the generous glob of pre-cum that leaked out let me know that he was enjoying himself. It was nice to know that I hadn't lost my touch.

At first, while my hands were busy with his balls, I sucked just the tip. I used my tongue to poke into his piss-slit and tease his sensitive spot. Then I made short trips up and down his dick, swirling my tongue around him lazily.

Suddenly, Sue's voice snapped me out of my dicksucking daze.

"What the hell are you doing?!" she snapped. Obviously, she'd discovered who was really eating her out.

Jack just kept right on sucking her cunt, though, the slurping sounds growing louder.

"Gloria!" she yelled. "You're sucking his dick!"

I gave her a pleading look, hoping she'd understand. Eating pussy is wonderful, but there's nothing quite like having your mouth full of hot, hard man-meat.

She sighed. "I knew this day would come," she said. "That's what I get for falling in love with a bisexual. All my dyke friends told me you'd never be able to live without cock. Oh well. If that's what it takes to keep you happy, so be it!"

She smiled and reached for me. It wasn't easy maneuvering myself into position so she could suck my pussy while I blew Jack and he ate her, but we did it. Her tongue pried my cunt lips apart and delved in deeply, lapping up my flowing honey.

That's when I flattened my tongue underneath Jack's dick and began sucking him deep and hard. He groaned into Sue's box and fucked my face wildly.

Then Sue alternated between tonguing my hole and sucking my clit and Jack buried his head to his ears and munched her snatch. The room reeked of sweat and the heady smell of our excitement. Nothing could be heard but the steady squeak of the bed, the slurping sounds of oral sex and the grunts and groans of three very excited people.

"Fuck! I'm gonna cum!" Sue wailed, removing her face from my crotch for just a moment.

Jack's answering groan told me that he was on the ragged edge, as did the sensation of his cock swelling in my mouth. His balls moved into firing position and the head of his dick inched down my throat.



of pussy, we give Jack a call.

— Gloria V., Chicago, IL

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

My eyes were glued to the porn playing on the screen. The blond actress was sucking a huge dick. Taking every inch he gave her, she moaned and drooled, thoroughly enjoying herself. Her lips made lewd, wet sounds as they slid up and down his pole. Grunting, he began fucking her face, his balls slapping her chin.

Glancing across at Charlene, my roommate, I saw that she, too, was mesmerized. Her eyes glittered feverishly and she had both hands between her legs. That gave me the courage to give my own aching cunt a squeeze, letting the deliciously sensual sensations pervade my body. I'd never even seen anyone suck a dick before, and I had certainly never done it myself. It was my freshman year of college, and I'd only had one boyfriend.

Charlene was in her junior year. She'd had plenty of boyfriends and considered herself an expert at blowjobs.

When we'd started talking about oral sex that afternoon, she told me how terrific it was. I must have looked skeptical, because she said, "Let me show you."



I didn't know what she had in mind when she reached under her bed. Imagine my surprise when she pulled out a shoebox full of porn!

"This one's got a lot of good cocksucking on it," she said. "These sluts are real pros. That's why they make the big bucks."

I was mesmerized by how much meat the porn star could swallow. She deep-throated her costar's dong for several minutes before he bellowed with passion. The actress pulled his big, wet prick out of her mouth with a plop and started pumping it rapidly.

Her fingers slid up and down his well-lubricated shaft, and I squirmed in my seat as his big knob swelled and grew bright red.

Suddenly, he howled, and thick, white glop blasted out of the end of his dick. The actress winked into the camera as she caught the fountain of spunk in her mouth, gulping noisily.

She milked him until he was spurting weakly while she licked him clean. Then she licked her fingers and sucked up the spunk in his pubic hairs that she'd missed.

"Wow!" Charlene gasped when it was over. "Wasn't that fantastic?"

I was so excited I couldn't even talk. I nodded and pressed my thighs together. The crotch of my panties was soaked.

"You have no idea how good it feels to have your mouth stuffed full of dick," she said. "And when it explodes..."

She just kind of trailed off, lost in fantasy.

It was no wonder that I heard her vibrator going after we'd retired to our separate rooms later that night. I lay there in the dark, horny as hell, eager to suck a dick, but there wasn't one around.

Finally, I got out my own vibrator. The batteries were dead so I ran my hands up and down the heavily veined shaft, caressed the mushroom-shaped head and pretended it was real.

My cunt was squealing for relief so I worked the fake dick inside me, pumped it in and out a few times and shuddered through a quick, hard cum. Then I pulled it free and brought it to my lips.

A whiff of my own scent excited me further and I stuck out my tongue. I started licking up and down the shaft and swirling my tongue around the knob, just like the actress in the movie.

I could almost hear my imaginary lover telling me how good it felt, his cock jerking and swelling in my hands. I opened my mouth wide and sucked the sex toy inside. It felt wonderful, sliding back and forth on the cradle of my tongue.

I couldn't seem to get enough. I imagined a man straddling my face, working his cock in and out of my mouth. I groaned when he bumped the back of my throat, and my fingers were busy between my legs. I came again with the vibrator in my mouth, pretending that my fantasy stud was unloading his wad down my throat.

For several nights in a row, I practiced sucking my vibrator. Luckily, I had a date for Saturday night with a guy named Dan. I planned to give him a blowjob, and I was determined that it would be the best he'd ever gotten.

When he showed up at my door, I told him I'd just as soon skip the movie and dinner.

He liked the idea even more when I kissed him and mashed my perky tits against his chest. Then I guided his hand to the damp crotch of my jeans just to let him know that I meant business. Well, we got down to some serious necking right away.

I was so hot, I thought I was going to melt. He fingered me to several orgasms and then, when I caught my breath, I told him that I wanted to suck his dick. Being honest, I told him I'd never done it before, but I'd really like to try it.

He was a good sport, stretching out on the bed, naked and hard. I used all the techniques I'd practiced on my vibrator, loving the response I got from him when I wiggled my tongue all over his pecker.

His scent was wonderfully masculine and the warm muscle in my mouth felt 10 times better than the vibrator. I sucked and licked to my heart's content. I even gave his balls a tongue bath and sucked them gently.

As Charlene had told me, though, the best part was when he lost control. He had both hands on my head, fucking my face wildly and with a guttural roar, he came.





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His spunk hit the roof of my mouth. I sucked and swallowed as fast as I could, amazed at the volume of fluid that spewed out. I wasn't surprised by the taste, though. I knew it would be delicious!

After he finally finished spewing, I kept right on licking him until his organ began to shrink. He said it was so good that he couldn't believe it was my first time. I assured him that I could be better if he let me practice some more. So he did—three more times that night!

Now, I blow all the guys I go out with, and they tell me I'm great at it. Practice makes perfect!

— Darla V., Des Moines, IA

THREE-WAY SUCK OFF

The most beautiful sight in the world is a woman with a mouth filled with cock—preferably when it's mine!

There's nothing I like better than sitting back and watch some babe give me a long, slow blowjob. But I didn't really realize how important the visual aspect was until one night when I was watching my buddy Arnie get blown by his wife, Marie.

Marie is a beautiful redhead with long legs and big tits. We'd had a few beers too many and she was sitting on his lap.

Suddenly, her eyes got real big and she said, "Oh, you've got a hard-on."

"So do something about it," Arnie told her and shoved her off his lap.

She glanced over at me. I merely shrugged.



"Don't let me stop you," I said.

"Please take care of it," Arnie said, sounding impatient.

Then he told her to take off her clothes. I thought he was going to fuck her, but all Arnie wanted was a blowjob.

A few minutes later, she was kneeling on the floor between his legs, naked as the day she was born. Her long red hair was trailing down her back and over her shoulders, not quite hiding her strawberry-sized nipples from my view. I could see her cunt clearly, from her swollen lips to the clear drops of juice clinging to her fiery red hairs.

But the most interesting sight was her mouth sliding up and down Arnie's dick. She had spent some time licking his shaft, getting it so wet that it glistened. She tickled the sensitive spot under his knob and used her hands to get him even more excited.

From the way my dick was reacting, she might as well have been doing it to me. I was not sure exactly what to do, so I just played it cool, sipping my beer from time to time and trying to hide my boner.

The longer she sucked him, the wetter she became. She moaned and began humping the air, as if searching for some invisible cock. Then, just as she released his dick from her mouth, she gave me a pleading look.

I didn't know what to do for a minute, so I glanced at Arnie for guidance. He was in another world, eyes closed, stretched out on the sofa, humping his wife's face. I could smell her heat all the way across the room, and I figured there wouldn't be any harm in me using my tongue to get her off.

When I stood up and moved toward her, she smiled as best a woman can with her lips wrapped around a hard dick. I lay down on my back on the floor and scooted toward her until her pussy was right over my face.

I sniffed, loving the strong, sexy odor of her, and then I let my tongue snake out for a taste. It was delicious! Her sauce was sweet and tangy at the same time, and I wanted more.

She groaned and her thick juices dripped onto my lips while I drove my tongue deep into her burning snatch. I could hear Arnie grunting and bucking on the sofa. It sounded like he was going to cum any second.

Marie was now grinding her pussy all over my mouth. I had both hands on her ass, trying to hold her still. My own dick felt as if it was ready to explode.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Arnie howled out of the blue.

I could hear Marie swallowing rapidly, moaning as she drank down his load and a fresh flood of juices went down my throat. She wiggled out of my hands for just a moment and then settled her pussy back onto my mouth again.

She had turned around and, with a groan of relief, I felt her fumbling with my zipper. My cock almost leaped out of my shorts. Cool air caressed my aching knob, but that was replaced by her hot mouth immediately.

Marie and I fell into a comfortable sucking rhythm right away. She rode my tongue, cumming two or three times while her skillful mouth brought me to the peak of orgasm and held me there.

Finally, she cupped my balls, coaxing their heavy load up into my shaft. I bucked upward as I felt myself losing all control. She

allowed me to ex-plode, and I moaned into her muff as I blasted my spooge into her mouth. She came again, too, giving me about a gallon of cunt juice.

Marie slid off me onto the floor. Both of us were gasping for breath and that's when I came to my senses. I'd been fooling around with Arnie's wife right in front of him, and I was sure he was going to kill me.

A quick glance to the side told me that he was no longer sitting on the sofa. I assumed he was going for his gun, so I sat up, ready to get out of there in a hurry. That's when I realized that he was holding a video camera.

"Did you get it?" Marie was asking, her sweaty breasts still heaving. Her lips looked swollen from all the sucking.

"Sure. Wait till you see this, man," he said to me, plugging the camera into the tv.

I just sat there, not really knowing what to do or say. Marie rolled over onto her belly, her plump butt sticking up in the air and then, suddenly, the screen was filled with the sight of Marie sucking my cock.

I don't think I've ever seen a prettier picture in my life.

The three of us watched closely while she sucked me, wet sounds of sex coming from the speakers. And when it was over, I was hard again. Arnie was, too, and Marie had a great idea.

It's a good thing they had a tripod. I'd never have been able to hold that camera steady while she took turns sucking both of us off!

— Darryl P., Crystal Lake, IL

HOT FOR SPUNK

I leaned back against a shelf and gazed down at the brunette kneeling on the floor at my feet. She had one hand under her skirt, fingering her cunt, which I could only imagine was wet and juicy. I didn't know for sure, though, since I'd never fucked her.

Nor was I interested in doing so. My coworker Nancy and I shared one thing: She loves sucking cock and I love getting blowjobs.

In the dim light of the storage room where we were hiding, I watched the way her wet lips stretched wide around my meat. She bobbed her head steadily, burying my cock deep in her mouth. The sight never failed to thrill me.

I tried to imagine my wife Carolyn doing this, but I could not. She hadn't gone down on me since before we were married. Ever since



the honeymoon, she just hadn't been putting in the same effort in the bedroom. That's why I got my oral kicks with Nancy.

Nancy moaned around my meat as it touched the back of her throat, my moans mingling with hers. Suddenly, she pulled back, releasing all but the head of my dick. Her tongue swirled around it lazily and then dipped into the slit on the end.

This seemed to thrill her and she returned to working her lips up and down my shaft. Little wet sucking sounds filled the room, and I could hear my own heavy breathing.

She ran one warm hand up my thigh and cupped my balls as the spunk eased into my shaft and streaked toward the head. As my control slipped away, I felt my prick swell and begin pulsing.

But, somehow, Nancy held me off for a few moments longer by squeezing the base of my tool. My jizz was boiling, threatening to explode.

"I'm ready!" I grunted. Tangling

both hands in her hair, I began thrusting. In reply, she simply moaned and sucked that much harder, placing both hands on my ass to pull me deeper. Finally, I came, quivering and biting my lip to keep quiet as long, hot jets of jizz blasted out of my dick into her mouth.

By the time she sucked me dry and licked me clean, she had fingered herself through an orgasm or two. I leaned against the wall, weak and shaking as she licked her fingers and then tucked my prick neatly away.

"Same time next week?" she asked as she straightened her clothes and patted her hair into place.

"I can't wait," I said.

That evening, I left work an hour early and bought flowers for my wife on my way home. As always, there were little pangs of guilt after letting Nancy suck me off. I just wished it could be with Carolyn.

"Honey, I'm home!" I called when I stepped into the kitchen.

I got no answer, but her car was in the driveway, so I assumed that she was home. I thought I heard a noise coming from the back of the house and hurried down the hall, anxious to be in her arms.

That's when I heard the throaty groans of pleasure and froze.

"Baby, you suck a mean dick," said a male voice from behind the closed door of the bathroom.

There was an answering moan from my wife, and then he continued, "That's it, tongue my balls."

I was stunned, but I had to see for myself. I hurried outside and around to the back of the house. Standing on tiptoe, I could peep



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right into the open bathroom window. And what I saw rocked me to the core.

Some big, burly dude was sitting on the toilet, and my petite wife was on her knees between his legs. She had pushed his thick, spit-soaked cock back against his belly and was licking his balls, burying her face in his wiry hairs.

As I watched, she licked up his shaft to his knob and took his meat between her lips.

"Oh God, that hot mouth is better than any cunt I've ever had," he groaned as she swallowed his entire length, her nose rubbing his belly slightly.

Instead of being angry, I found myself adjusting the raging boner in my pants. I couldn't keep my hands off myself as I stood there watching my wife suck off some gorilla of a man sitting on our toilet.

As her head bobbed faster and faster, I saw that she was working two fingers in and out of her juicy slit. Her twitching body let me know that she was ready to cum.

Suddenly, my dick was in my hand and I was jacking off, my hand moving to the same rhythm as her sucking mouth.

The man on the toilet growled and began fucking her face. His balls slapped her chin as Carolyn humped her hand. When the man yanked his prick out at the last second and splattered my wife's face with cream, I blasted my load all over the side of the house. My wife came while using her free hand to milk out the last drops of his goo.

I slipped away from the house and walked around the block until it was my normal time to come home.

This time when I walked through the door, Carolyn was in the kitchen.

"I found the flowers," she said.

That's when I realized I'd left them on the table. She knew that she'd been caught. I waited for her explanation.

"I'm so sorry," she mewed. "Sometimes you can do things with a stranger that you can't do with someone you love."

I could understand that. Wasn't that what Nancy and I had been doing earlier?

I took her in my arms then, not knowing what to say or do. Then I felt her stiff nipples poking at my chest and her hands on my belt buckle and starting to undo it.

I resolved to tell her about Nancy and, somehow, we'd resolve this confusion. But right then, she was sinking to her knees, rubbing her face back and forth across my crotch. But soon, it was difficult to think about anything except my wife's hot, hungry mouth wrapped around my dick. Confessions would have to come later, after I did!

— James F., Lafayette, IN

MARVELOUS MOUTH

I followed Crystal to the bedroom, getting excited just from watching her walk. When that long-legged beauty reached the bed, she stopped and turned. Her green eyes narrowed to sexy slits when she saw my hard-on.

She gazed at it longingly, tracing around her lips with the tip of her tongue. When our eyes met again, she shrugged her satin robe off her shoulders. I drank in the sight of her naked loveliness.

Her creamy skin was flawless. Her breasts weren't quite as firm and high as they used to be, but her nipples are stiff and pointy. Her waist was a bit thicker, her hips fuller, but her snatch was every bit as trim and tight as ever.

Without a sound, she told me what she needed. I moved into her arms, almost overwhelmed by her slightly musky scent. I kissed her lips, her neck and her ears, and she melted against me, sighing softly.

I eased her back onto the bed, kneading her swollen tits and tugging playfully at her nipples. My mouth replaced my fingers, and she whimpered as I move my head from one rigid nub to the other.

My hand moved lower, caressing her damp bush gently. Her legs parted and her labes opened like a flower as she thrust upward,

reaching for me. My fingers made little circles just inside the tiny orifice of her cunt, her oily wetness covering the tips.

As I started kissing my way down her belly, she gave a little yelp of pleasure. I knew how much she loved this, so I took my time, wanting to make it last for both of us.

My breath stirred her pubes as I rubbed my nose back and forth across her silky hairs. Glancing up, I saw that her eyes were closed, her chest heaving.

A whiff of her heady scent brought my attention back to her liquid center. I spread her swollen lips to gaze into her pinkness. Her erect clit was standing up, begging for my attention. I ran my tongue around it several times, listening to her moan, and then I flicked my tongue back and forth across the sensitive tip.

She ran her fingers through my hair and humped upward in search of my elusive tongue. A fresh flood of juices oozed out of her slit, and I caught it with my tongue. It tasted as sweet as ever, and I lapped it up eagerly, listening to her moans, which were growing steadily louder.

Then I returned my attention to her clit, nibbling, licking and sucking on it gently.

"Tongue my pussy!" she gasped.

As always, I did as she asked. Using my tongue to pry her pussylips apart, I worked it in and out of her, moving deeper with each thrust. Her snug tunnel clutched at my tongue spasmodically and her grunts and groans became more guttural.

"That's it!" she hissed, her hips moving in a wicked circle. "Eat my pussy!"

Again, I was spurred on by her words, and I shoved my tongue in as deeply as possible, bumping her clit with my nose. Her love-lube was pouring now, running down my chin and onto the bed. Keeping her hands on my head, she jerked her legs even wider apart, giving in completely to her excitement.

"Suck my clit!" she screamed.

Her pussy walls pulsed around my tongue as I withdrew it slowly. I replaced it with two fingers while my mouth covered her throbbing clit.

She began thrashing wildly. My fingers made lewd wet sounds as they dipped in and out of her wet cunt. I sucked hard and long on her clit, catching it between my lips and flicking it with my tongue at the last minute.

Squealing, muttering lewdly, she seemed to fly apart as her orgasm hit her.

"Fuck! I'm cumming!" she shouted.

Holding onto my head with both hands, she slammed her body against me, forcing my fingers as deep as possible. Her juices



began to gush and her cunt clamped down on my fingers, sucking at them hungrily. For a few moments, she lost all control of her quaking body.

Finally, she relaxed. I gently removed my fingers and continued to lick her, listening to her moans turn to satisfied sighs. She released my head and I licked her sticky thighs, never getting enough of tasting her.

"Now it's your turn," she said. Her voice was hoarse and throaty.

I was steely hard as she wrapped her fingers around my cock and pumped it. Then she maneuvered me into position over her face.

My balls were already aching for release and my cock was throbbing steadily as she rubbed the oozing tip back and forth across her lips like a giant tube of lipstick. Her tongue darted out, tickling me in just the right places as my balls nestled in the soft valley between her tits.

"Tell me," she said softly. "Tell me what you want."

"Suck my cock," I groaned. And just like that, her lips closed around the head of my dick. She sucked it as I thrust forward, sliding the rest of my cock into her mouth.

She just lay there and let me fuck her face, my nuts sliding back and forth in her smooth cleavage while her tongue wiggled along the underside of my shaft. That was how I came, my dick buried to the root in her mouth as I basted her tonsils with semen.

Crystal and I have been going down on each other for over 20 years. It just doesn't get any better than this!

— Lenny C., Westchester, PA

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